

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

VOL. 3.

FEBRUARY 1887.

No. 35.

Staccato.

THE first Sunday in the Jubilee year was marked by many of the organists at both churches and chapels playing the National Anthem in place of the usual voluntary. One organist who is rather "topical"—if we may be allowed the expression—in matters both ecclesiastical and political, having discharged his loyal duty by rendering the National Anthem at the conclusion of the midnight service on Friday, hit upon the well-known chorus in "Judas Maccabaeus," "And grant a leader bold and brave," as the most appropriate subject for his Sunday morning voluntary. The political inference was obvious, and one devout Tory on opening his paper this morning declared the prayer had been answered, now Mr. Goschen had joined the Cabinet.

¶¶¶

Or many men who are publicly known and favoured, the only possible claim to attention is that they are their fathers' sons. Now, of the late M. Adolphe Bizet the converse was true; his only claim to public notice was the fact that he was his son's father. He died the other day, having for some years outlived the composer of "Carmen." M. Bizet, senior, who seems to have been an amiable and harmless old gentleman, was not unnaturally very proud of his dead son, Georges, and in speaking of him to a stranger he invariably used the sentence, "I have had the honour and good fortune to have seen my son become a great French composer!"

¶¶¶

AMONG the more or less diverting stories which are floating about in connection with Mme. Patti's farewell tour of America is one that must, says the *Dramatic News*, be agreeable to Justice Stanley Matthews, of the United States Supreme Court. As it goes, Patti, then a little girl, once shared in a concert with Ole Bull, at Columbus, Ohio. After the show the party was given a supper by prominent politicians and legislators. They wanted little Adelina to sing, but her mother objected because it was past the child's bedtime. Justice, then plain Lawyer, Matthews, begged Adelina to coax her mother.

"If you will sing for us," said he, "I will do anything you wish."

Adelina coaxed, mamma yielded, and the gifted girl sang "Home Sweet Home." Then she said to the lawyer:

"Now, sir, you must stand on your head."

"Do you really wish it?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the wanton elf.

"Very well," said he. "Here goes."

And he did it, amid the thunderous applause of the whole room.

¶¶¶

One of the features of the Jubilee Year will be a "Jubilee Ode," written by Lord Tennyson, and (despite all reports to the contrary) in all probability set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Both have been "commanded" to the work by the Queen, and both will, of course, hasten to obey the Royal wish. The Ode will be of a quasi-religious character, for it will form part of the special

service which the Sovereign will attend at Westminster Abbey on June 20. Nobody, however, expects very much of the "Ode," as pieces written to order are rarely great works.

¶¶¶

ANOTHER exhibition! This time it is to be in East London, and as far as appears from the programme of its promoters, is to be a sort of East-end "Inventories." It is intended that the exhibition "shall be thoroughly representative of all classes of trades, handicrafts, and manufacturing processes." This is the instructive part. Nowadays we take our education cheerfully. "Music and other means of recreation will be provided, in order to make the exhibition a place of healthy recreation and popular resort."

¶¶¶

If the other means of recreation include the electric light, gardens, and a sufficient quantity of food and drink retailed at low prices, we see no reason why the exhibition should not become a place of very popular resort. In spite of all that has been said against them, the South Kensington shows did innocently amuse, and occasionally instruct, middle-class London. If working-class London takes to spending its evenings in listening to bands, walking in illuminated gardens, and occasionally looking at models of pumping-machines and coal-mines, so much the better for everybody, except perhaps the local publicans.

¶¶¶

THE scheme is, of course, projected to celebrate the Jubilee. It is under the auspices of the Beaumont Trustees, and has an influential committee of guarantors. The guarantee fund, however, is far too small to start operations with, and will require to be largely increased.

¶¶¶

EARLY on Christmas morning a band of "waits"—flute, clarinet, drum—stood before the "Rising Sun" at Clapham, and while they were inviting "all the faithful to come, joyously triumphing," a window was opened, a revolver was fired, and one of them fell dead. We are glad that the jury have found a verdict of "death by misadventure." But we fancy that next Christmas morning the landlord of the "Rising Sun" will not be reminded that the herald angels sing.

¶¶¶

It is a pity that some of the Christmas Carols are so like comic songs. We hear that in a Northern cathedral on Christmas Eve two were sung which suggested "Yankee Doodle" and "The Laird o' Cockpen." A favourite one in London is "The first Great Joy that Mary had," which is simply "We've got no work to do-o-o-o-o."

¶¶¶

THE congregation of the Church of the Ascension at Lavender Hill brought in the New Year by acting a Miracle Play, which would have done for Ober Ambergau.

¶¶¶

In the first tableau Adam and Eve were seen in the Garden, with the Angel, sword in hand, pointing sternly to the gate. The curtain fell to the strains of "But the Lord is mindful of His own," and the next scene, ushered in with the Hundredth

Psalm, represented Abraham and Isaac on the Mountain. Isaiah, Daniel, and Zacharias then appeared, the Annunciation was enacted, and the last tableau exhibited the Nativity and the Adoration of the Magi.

¶¶¶

THE copyright of Schumann's works expired on the 31st December, and all Germany is now flooded with new editions.

¶¶¶

RECTOR (and conductor of the Amateur Orchestral Society of Stoke-in-the-Hole): "We had better try this again. I rather think you were half a bar out, Mr. Footles. (Mr. Footles rises) What? You're not going?" MR. FOOTLES (Flautist): "Well, if you're so partic'lar t' al'f a bar, I sha'n't jine, that's all." — *Punch*.

¶¶¶

DURING the past year, the Italians have produced thirteen operettas and twenty-five serious operas; and the Germans no fewer than twenty-one operettas and twenty-two serious operas. The French can only show three serious operas, but they run the Germans very hard with their nineteen operettas. As for England—

¶¶¶

IT is curious to note, as illustrative of the extreme centralization of French art, that all these operas and operettas were produced in Paris. On the other hand, two only appeared in Rome, three in Berlin, and half-a-dozen in Vienna. In Germany and Italy the performances were spread over the whole country, from Schwerin to Munich, and from Venice to Catania. Chiavari even has gained honourable mention in the list.

¶¶¶

AMONG the chief operas of the year may be mentioned "Junker Heinz" by von Perfall (Munich, April); "Donna Diana" by Hofmann (Berlin, November); "Merlin" by Goldmark (Vienna, November); "Flora Mirabilis" by Samara (Milan, May); and "Patrie" by Paladilhe (Paris, December).

¶¶¶

ROSSINI will find his last resting-place by the side of Galileo and Dante and Michael Angelo in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence, the Westminster Abbey of Italy.

¶¶¶

M. FLOURENS, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has intimated to the Italian Ambassador, General Menabrea, that the Republic will be pleased to give effect to the resolution passed by the Italian Senate on the 20th November. The remains of Rossini will be removed from Paris some time this month in charge of Signor Mariotti, by whom the project was originated. Meanwhile, the Royal Institute of Florence is making preparations such as befit the dignity of the occasion.

¶¶¶

SOME one has pointed the contrast between the noble, clear-cut features of Daute and the heavy outlines of Rossini's sensuous face. It would be a pity if this were emphasized in the monument to be erected. Rossini the composer we know and admire; it is to be hoped that they will not perpetuate in stone Rossini the gourmand.



THE Liszt burial controversy is rapidly becoming a farce. Liszt's brother Franciscans in Pesth have sworn that he often expressed a wish to be buried in their monastery. And now the Free-masons have put in a claim!

THE Committee of the German Musical Union appeal to the public for help in the formation of a Liszt Museum and Library. Contributions of letters, scores, or manuscripts will be thankfully received. The Museum is to be lodged in Liszt's old house, the Hofgärtner at Weimar, which its owner, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, as president of the Musical Union, has dedicated "to the memory of Liszt for ever."

THE Symphonic Poem, the musical form which we owe to Liszt, is not going to be dropped. A musical picture of "Lenore" or "Tasso" is more seductive to the young composer than the good old Symphony, with its Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, and Rondo.

THE life and character of Luther are depicted in a Symphonic Poem for orchestra and harmonium, recently produced at Magdeburg by Herr Grunewald.

HERR KARL DIBBER has composed an opera entitled "Prince Alexander of Bulgaria." Will Prince Henry be introduced? And, if so, will he wear a kilt?

PARIS has been amusing itself with an orchestra from Tunis at the Eden Theatre. *Gil Blas* announces that M. Lamoureux has petitioned for their expulsion, as they rival his Wagnerian concerts.

THE music of the Pantomimes is simply a *réchauffé* of music-hall ditties. "They will have 'em," said the stage manager of a prosperous suburban pantomime house to a *Daily News* interviewer, "Drury Lane itself don't dare leave 'em out, and as to us, why, sir, it would be nothing but bankruptcy and ruin."

THIS is a specimen of what they will have:

"How d'y do, old boy, how d'y do?
How are you, dear boy, how are you?
You are looking very merry,
I could drink a glass of sherry.
How d'y do, old boy, how d'y do?"

Shades of Aristophanes!

BOUQUETS have just been abolished at the opera in Vienna. Not so in Berlin. The *jeunesse dorée* of Berlin have not even to take their floral tribute with them—they can rush out when seized with enthusiasm and get a whole conservatory at the flower stalls in the *foyer*.

ACCORDING to Ernst Challier's "Catalogue of Songs," the song of Mignon, "Knowest thou the land?" (Kennst du das Land?) has been set to music sixty-five times, while Heine's gem "Thou art like a flow'ret" (Du bist wie eine Blume) has received no fewer than 167 musical settings. Liszt's settings of those songs are among the finest creations of his genius.

MUSICIANS FOR MELBOURNE.—Wanted to sell immediately, first and second horn, an oboe, and a bassoon. Fixed engagement for at least a year at £3 per week. Half of the passage-money (Intermediate) refunded at the end of the first year's engagement.—For particulars apply at 48 Alterwall, Hamburg.

THE above advertisement is copied from the *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*. We hope the musical emigrants will be luckier than the members of the Italian Opera Company in New York. This

ill-starred company has collapsed, and twenty-three of the chorus and sixteen of the ballet have had to invoke the charity of the Italian Consul. By arrangement with the Compagnie Transatlantique, they were sent back to Havre, where they would land without a penny in their combined pockets.

A SIMILAR fate has befallen the Italian Opera Company of Tunis, but Tunis is not so far from "La bella Italia."

MME. THURBER'S National Opera Company has also come to grief. The decorations have been seized at Chicago in liquidation of a debt of seven thousand dollars. The luck seems to be all on the side of the German Opera Company in New York, which has had a phenomenal success among the exiles of the Fatherland.

THE band of the "Garde Républicaine" with their conductor, M. Wettge, have been to Moscow for a week. They were invited by the municipality, who evidently believe in the French Alliance. Bismarck, tremble!

THE German Theatre at St. Petersburg, which has been supported by the Russian Government for fifty years, is to be suppressed. Alexander III. is no friend to the Germans. When in Riga some time ago, he saw that the German names were painted above the Russian at the corners of the streets, and he was pleased to command that the order should be reversed. It is a pity that art should suffer from political animosities.

SOME interesting details as to the fees of singers have been published from the records of the Sacred Harmonic Society. In 1853, Mme. Sainton Dolby, Herr Formes and Mr. Sims Reeves, then at the height of their reputations, were paid only £8 8s., £10 10s., and £15 15s. respectively. Now a "star" cannot well be had for less than £100. If this is called "progress," it is a progress which is most detrimental to the interests of art.

MÜLLER: "I say, old man, we've got a new child Phenomenon in Berlin." SCHULZE: "You don't say so?" MÜLLER: "Yes. It's a girl fourteen years old that can't play the piano."

THE modern concert-goer is expected to show a good deal of intelligence. An Italian violinist, Signor Consolo, will give a recital in Milan from the works of Veracini, Vivaldi, Geminiani, Lolli, Valentini, and Viotti. The recital will be prefaced with a sketch of the development of the Italian school of violin music, in the style of those delightful musical lectures with which Herr Ernst Pauer has made us familiar.

Reims, December 22, 1886.

DEAR MONSEUR COMETTANT,

After having gone to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark as a representative of the French Government, to study the national airs and the music of the modern composers of those friendly countries to France, you desire, as the crown of your mission and in honour of the art of my native land, to organize two concerts consisting entirely of Swedish, Norwegian and Danish music. You ask my assistance at one of those concerts. How could I refuse, when the concerts are given for the benefit of the Society of Professional Musicians? It will be a pleasure to me to come. You may depend on me. I will come expressly to Paris for the 13th of January.—I am, yours, very sincerely,

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

NILSSON kept her word, and sang her native melodies at the Salle Pleyel. No wonder that the Parisians are enthusiastic. The Scandinavian national songs are conspicuous at once for fire and pathos, and these musical gifts have come down to

Grieg and Svendsen, and the less-known minor composers whose works had a place in M. Comettant's programme.

A BARRISTER at Rovigo, Dr. Baldini, has blossomed into a tenor. On the night of his *début* the learned profession turned out *en masse* in the stalls, while the gallery was filled with clients whom the barrister had saved by his eloquence. A splendid high C was followed by a burst of applause, amid which a gigantic bouquet was thrown on the stage, bearing the words "from a grateful burglar."

THE women of Germany have banded themselves together in an association named "Mildwida" in support of the fund for the benefit of the widows of musicians. The hard-hearted political economist will say that the musician should provide for his widow like other men, but is there not something in the organization of an artist which makes the exercise of ordinary forethought more difficult?

THE Municipal Council of Paris have discontinued the annual payment of £600 to the Odéon Theatre for performances to the children of the National Schools. We are sorry for little Alphonse and little Marie. All work and no play makes Alphonse a dull boy, and Marie a dull girl.

At a recent sale of autographs in Berlin, a letter of Beethoven from Vienna (29th September, 1816) fetched £10, and manuscripts of Bach and Wagner proved to be worth about £45 each. An Aria of Mozart, written at the age of nine, only fetched £6, while four Marches of Schubert for the piano went for the sum of £5. Mr. Quaritch would not think much of these prices. Musicians must be less enthusiastic or less wealthy than book-hunters.

WE English are a good-natured race. How seldom does an English audience exercise its undoubted right to hiss a bad performance! The French do not appear to be so considerate. Four sopranos, four light and three heavy tenors, three baritones and two basses—this is the list of artistes driven off the stage by those inexorable critics, the subscribers to the Opera in Algiers.

THE Wagner Stakes (1887) are now on. There is a bet which town will give the most Wagner performances in the first six months of this year. Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Stuttgart, Frankfort, Hanover, Hamburg, Leipzig, Bremen, Breslau, Prague, Nuremberg, and Zurich are in the running. The betting is heavy on Munich.

THE Crown Prince of Germany is not ashamed to confess that he occasionally finds Wagner a little beyond him. He is reported to have said that he could hardly appreciate the second act of "Parsifal," although he has been powerfully moved by the first and third. Would that all who name the name of Wagner, were as sincere!

THE promoters of the great Liberal and Radical meeting in St. James's Hall knew the best songs for a large audience. The programme executed by the audience before the arrival of the speakers included the "Liberal March," which turned out to be the "March of the Men of Harlech," the "Day Dawn," which was set to "Hearts of Oak," the "Grand Old Standard," to the tune of "Hold the Fort," and "Auld Lang Sync," which served us the musical setting of some verses on Freedom.

PLEBISCITE programmes are becoming quite the rage. The following is the result of a recent vote in Berlin: overture to "Tannhäuser" (246), Beeth-

oven's "Eroica Symphony" (156), Schumann's "Rêverie" (152), Liszt's "First Rhapsody" (151), Beethoven's "Septuor" (115), and Gounod's "Ave Maria" (84).

THE system is excellent, if not carried to excess. If carried to excess, it means the exclusion of the works of new composers.

THE following curious advertisement appears in a German paper:—

TO OPERATIC COMPOSERS.—Sketch for a Grand Opera now ready.—The subject deals with a well-known story, which offers abundant material for the development of musical effects. Composers who are interested in the matter, are requested to apply, in writing, to Viribus Unitis, care of Fr. Kistner, Leipzig, Neumarkt, 38.

UPROUSE ye, then, pupils of the Guildhall and the Royal Academy. Such an opportunity may not occur again.

THE Conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians at Birmingham had some interesting discussions. Dr. Hiles, of Manchester, said that, if our dukes and lords had done their duty to music, as German nobles had, England would now be predominant in instrumental as she is in vocal music—which may be true. But we should prefer for the future to leave the dukes to their grouse-moors and their yachts, and build our house on the solid foundation of a love for music among the masses of the people. That is the consummation to be wished, that we must strive to attain.

Musical Life in London.

—:o:—

CHRISTMAS gives a welcome interval, during which the musical treadmill is, for artist and critic alike, a brief while left at rest. Music during the past month has been pursued in London under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Piercingly cold days and nights do not conduce to the crowding of concert-halls, but when fogs of almost impenetrable thickness settle down over city and suburb the wonder has been that any one at all ventured out to sing or to be sung to. There was one dreadful night—New Year's Eve in the Royal Albert Hall! As the evening went on denser grew the fog and the greater "the credit of being jolly," as Mark Tapley says. Mr. Sims Reeves started in his carriage from Norwood, but the coachman lost his way, and Mr. Reeves had to find a telegraph office in Camberwell, and announce that he could not reach the Albert Hall. Miss Patty Winter and Mr. Maybrick, also announced to sing, could not arrive in time. Miss Davies very pluckily rendered help to Mr. Carter, the concert-giver, in the quandary in which he found himself. Mr. Carter's Jubilee Ode "Victoria," for tenor solo and chorus, had been announced, with Mr. Reeves as soloist, and when it was known he could not appear Miss Davies offered to sing the part if only a few minutes' grace were allowed her to look through the music. She then sang it so well that a unanimous encore was the consequence, very gratifying to composer, soloist, chorus, and audience. On several other evenings the fog and snow have made it most difficult to leave one's home or return to it, and indeed the season has been the most exceptionally severe one known here for a long time.

The production of Dr. Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid" and Dr. Villiers Stanford's "The Revenge," at St. James's Hall, drew together a very large

crowd of the London cognoscenti. To criticise the music of these works in detail would be to repeat much of what was very copiously given forth at the time of the Leeds Festival, and therefore I shall say but little. It strikes me that Mackenzie is in nothing more successful than in the way in which he contrives to impart "local colouring" to his score, whether the subject of his music be Syria, Hindoo, Provengal, or Corsican. You feel, in listening to the "The Story of Sayid," that the music exactly accords with the life of the people whose story is being given; there is nothing obtrusive in the use of strange instruments or intervals in the scale peculiar to Eastern music. Yet before long you are conscious of being transported to the far-away land of the swarthy fierce old chieftain Sewa, and hearing the passionate accents of Ilmas and Sayid her beloved. Dr. Mackenzie has never been more successful than in this music. Mine. Albani, who has not been in good voice lately, yet contrived to give the most dramatic expression to the two long and very trying airs allotted to her; and Mr. Barton McGuckin secured something like an ovation after his principal tenor solo. The chorus of handmaidens and the solemn march (but surely there is a march in Petrillo's "Ione" that was written before yours, most learned Doctor?) also delighted the audience. In addition to the singers mentioned, Mr. Watkin Mills and Mr. Vaughan Edwards did good service, and the composer conducted. Dr. Stanford's setting of Tennyson's ballad "The Revenge" is in a very different style. This was admirably sung, and the orchestration, depicting the progress of that terrific seafight of olden days, struck me as singularly appropriate and clever.

THE Weber celebrations last month were rather disappointing. At the Crystal Palace the selection from Weber's works, with the exception of the "Freischütz" overture and the "Concertstück" (magnificently played by Mr. Stavenhagen), seemed almost designed to show how rapidly the music of all but the greatest masters passes out of date. How poor and weakly pretty such pieces as the symphony in C, the clarinet concerto (which, however was beautifully played by Mr. Clinton), and the choral selections from "Preciosa," "Freischütz," &c., (sung by the choir in very slovenly fashion), sounded in our ears accustomed to music of loftier type! The concert of the London Symphony series, also with a programme specially devoted to Weber's work, was an almost equally poor exhibition.

THE London Symphony Concerts are steadily pursuing their course, and, I am glad to see, are more and more appreciated as they go on. Two especially good programmes were offered lately, the one including Schubert's wonderfully beautiful unfinished symphony and some masterly violin performances by Pan Ondříček, though his selection of a showy and uninteresting concerto by Gernsheim, a living composer, could not be commended.

THE second was an afternoon concert on Jan. 12, and at this Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, which had not been played in London for many years past, had the place of honour. It is not equal to the composer's two other great symphonies, the "Scotch" and "Italian," but it is full of beauty, animation, and clever workmanship. A new suite for strings by Arthur Foote, an American composer whose acquaintance Mr. Henschel made during his residence in Boston, was interesting as a specimen of music from Outre-Mer, but disappointing, in spite of a melodic opening and some graceful writing for the orchestra, by reason of its general weakness of idea and treatment. When will American music have its Bret Harte, its Edgar Allan Poe, or, best of all, its Walt Whitman? Liszt's concerto in A, a strangely laboured work, full of incoherent noise,

with yet what the programmist rightly calls some "glimpses of divine beauty," was played in masterly style by that gifted young artist, Bernhard Stavenhagen. Miss Annie Marriott sang, but the air "Il est doux" from Massenet's "Herodiade" could not be said to suit her very well.

THE Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts are fortunately only suspended for a short time at this period of the year, and were resumed on Jan. 8, with one of those choice programmes that infallibly "draw" a crowd. Beethoven's 'septet was played by Mme. Néruda, and MM. Straus, Lazarus, Paersch, Wotton, Piatti, and Reynolds, as they have often played it before; and Mr. Charles Hallé made his first appearance in London after his late severe illness, and received a welcome that must have shown him "auld acquaintance is not easily forgot" in this country of ours. He played Schumann's C major Fantasia, with all his well-known refinement of expression and perfect technique. On the following Monday we had Schubert's quartet in D minor (with the "Der Tod und das Mädchen" variations) splendidly executed; Mme. Néruda and Herr Straus played one of those melodious duets for violin and viola that, according to the pleasant old story, Mozart wrote to help his old friend Michael Haydn out of a difficulty; and Signor Piatti and Miss Zimmermann gave Beethoven's beautiful duet in B flat for 'cello and piano. Altogether, an admirable concert—though, contrary to custom, there was no piano solo. At the Saturday concert, Mr. Santley sang; at the one on Monday, Miss Carlotta Elliott.

THE concert on the 15th was very crowded, partly, I imagine, because Mozart's lovely G minor Quintet was to be played, and partly because a Spanish pianist, with the singular name of Señor Cor-de-Las, of whom hardly any one had heard before, was announced to play. The quintet, interpreted by Mme. Néruda, and MM. Ries, Hollander, Gibson, and Piatti, was as delightful as ever. Señor Cor-de-Las' playing of "Polonaise" and "Ballade," by Chopin did not particularly impress me, but in Rubinstein's pianoforte trio in B flat, he played with commendable taste and execution. Why does Mr. Chappell go so far afield for his artists? We have many able English ones who ought to be heard more frequently at these concerts. Mrs. Henschel sang with that sweet voice and pure style of hers, and her husband (who seems to be a universal genius—conductor, vocalist, composer, and pianist!) accompanied admirably. On the 17th Beethoven enthusiasts were delighted by a performance of the Rasoumowsky Quartet in C Op. 59. No. 3, and the sonata in A major Op. 101, for pianoforte, played by Miss Fanny Davies, but as I was not able to be present that evening, I am only able to mention these facts.

THE other musical incidents of the month must be noticed very briefly. Among these has been a pianoforte recital by Herr Schönberger, a young Viennese pianist of extraordinary powers, who, in the gradations of light and shade in his playing, accomplishes even greater marvels than Pachmann used to. Also, one by Herr Stavenhagen, Liszt's favourite pupil, who, still very young, reminds me by his playing of his master at his best. The Sacred Harmonic Society have given "Elijah" at St. James's Hall, and the Royal Albert Hall Society have repeated "The Golden Legend" in place of Dvorák's "Ludmila," which had been announced but, I suppose, was withdrawn owing to the small interest in the work shown at its former performances in the Metropolis. There is luck in librettos as in everything else—and poor Dvorák has certainly something to complain of in this respect. But, as Talleyrand said of another matter, "je n'en vois pas la nécessité," so I would say of this—why set such a libretto at all?

J. J. B.

Musical Vignettes.

III.—PARSIFAL.

By REV. H. R. HAUWEIS, M.A., Author of
"Music and Morals."

—:o:—

THE autumnal wind came up chill from the sea; we closed the window; the firelight fell upon a life-size portrait of Richard Wagner which hung on the wall opposite. It was a large photograph which I had brought from Bayreuth in the year of the first Parsifal Festival.

Alexis sat at the piano before an open score of "Parsifal." He had been reading as best he could through the Graal scene, and now he lingered as one fascinated with the vision it conjured up, over the chorale-like "Graal motive."

"That," said Aurelia, as she just then opened the door, "reminds me of the 'Reformation Symphony.'"

"It is the same chorale," I replied.

"Yes, but how different," exclaimed Alexis, and he played from memory the passage as it occurs in Mendelssohn's symphony, and then repeated the phrase in two of the forms which it assumes in Wagner's work. "The one is mystic; the other is rationalistic."

"Good," said I, "you have expressed exactly what I have so often felt about it—the one phrase seems to breathe the vigorous, combative, bracing spirit of the Reformers; the other is full of vision and ecstasy: it is the voice of the interior life; it is not the thunder of Luther, it is more like a dream of the Quietest Molinos, or a vision of St. François D'Aussisi."

"By so much more," added Alexis, "is harmony deeper than melody. Introduce but a few notes—sometimes one will do—beneath the melodic phrase, the whole scene is changed; the skeleton phrase remains, but of its original purport and power—nothing."

Aurelia settled herself in an armchair by the fire. A burst of flame lit up her blonde face with a warm glow, and her cloud of hair gleamed like ruddy gold. Alexis had risen from the Grand Erard and seated himself opposite her with the score of "Parsifal" still open before him.

"Now," said Aurelia, turning to me with that little touch of winsome command assumed by her when she did not mean to be put off, "you shall tell me about 'Parsifal' at Bayreuth, and explain what you meant the other evening when we walked by the sea and you alluded to 'Parsifal' bridging over the great gulf fixed between the oratorio and the stage-play."

"Aurelia," I said, "I think you know my weakness—how I love to revive in my memory those golden Bayreuth days—the Bayreuth of 'The Ring' and 'Parsifal,' as it was when Wagner and Liszt were alive, seen daily by all who attended those unique performances, when there was open house at 'Wahnfried,' and Wagner received every night those who all day long had been living in the marvellous world which he had created for them in the theatre—I had almost said temple—on the top of the hill amidst the pine-woods outside the city of Bayreuth."

"You shall, therefore," interposed Alexis, "give us your impressions of what you witnessed in 1882, and then you will be able to define the critical points—i.e., where the 'Parsifal,' ever reverent and impressive, becomes purely sacred without ceasing to be scenic, and thus solves the problem or demonstrates the fitness and possibility of a Sacred Musical Drama congenial to the nineteenth century."

"First," I said, replying to Alexis, "you were at the Oberammergau play—were you not? Did you think the presentation of the crucifixion irreverent?"

"No, nor have I ever known any one, however theoretically prejudiced against the spectacle, come away from it without confessing its wholly solemn and religious significance."

"But," says Aurelia, "that was because the actors themselves were so impressed."

"Yes, Aurelia; and at Bayreuth the actors were also impressed and solemnized, and that is why they accepted no applause during the performance and people who witnessed it were silent and often moved to tears. No doubt the events in 'Parsifal' are fanciful, whereas those at Oberammergau reproduced sacred history, but 'Parsifal' is nevertheless sacred. It is a true drama of the spiritual life in its most solemn moments, its ranged forces are the powers of good and evil in active conflict, its interest circles round the celebration of the Lord's Supper, its leading character is an allegorical reflexion of the Lord himself, and the triumph of the holy knighthood, or the accomplished work, is nothing less than the triumph of the kingdom of Christ upon earth. I think the greatness of 'Parsifal' grows upon the public year by year. It is so great all round. It is great as a stage-play, as a musical work, as a poem; as a repertory of religious thought, as an analysis of human character; and it summarizes the purest aspirations of mediæval theology at their highest levels. When 'Parsifal' was given in concert form at the Albert Hall—in spite of the wretched English doggerel then offered to the public as a translation of Wagner's drama—some who could hardly rise to the music soon became absorbed in the story, whilst others who were disgusted with the English version remained entranced by the music; and I found yet a third class, unsympathetic to the music, and unacquainted with the German language, sitting at Bayreuth perfectly fascinated by the astonishing beauty and variety of the spectacle alone."

"He is wandering again," said Alexis, shutting the score, "let us bring him back to the point;" and turning to me, "Tell us how you were impressed at Bayreuth by the dramatizing of certain sacred scenes in 'Parsifal'?"

"But please," interposed Aurelia, "remind me a little of the story or I shall hardly follow you."

"I will put it in a nutshell for you. A brotherhood of holy knights kept the sacred relics of the crucifixion—the spear that pierced the Saviour's side, and the real blood in a crystal cup—in their fastness of Montsalvat. Amfortas, their leader, is seduced by the magic arts of Klingsor, a wicked knight who owns neighbouring territory; Amfortas yields to the charms of Kundry, who is under Klingsor's spell, loses the sacred spear, but is grievously and incurably wounded, and rescued with difficulty by Gurnemanz, his faithful knight. Ever since then no art had availed to allay his pains. Kundry herself breaking away from Klingsor's spell, gives herself up for a time to the service of the holy knighthood, and offers the wounded Amfortas a rare balm. All is vain; but celestial voices—what time the Graal or real blood is uncovered for the refreshment and solace of the knights—have told the king of a chosen and guileless one who should heal him by virtue of his own spotless purity. Next appears on the scene Parsifal, a wild youth, and the ignorant slayer of a Montsalvat swan. With a certain prescience Gurnemanz fastens upon him as the possible guileless one—he invites him to assist as a spectator at the august ceremony of the uncovering of the Graal, but to his disappointment the raw youth understands nothing. Parsifal goes his way, but after years of wandering his mission dawns on him, he comes on Klingsor's territory, resists all the wiles of the magic garden, and the enchantress Kundry herself, now again for a season the tool of Klingsor. Klingsor's power is thus crushed, the sacred spear is rescued. When the mature hero reappears as a mysterious knight in black armour in the forest of Montsalvat the knights have grown old, the king is still languishing, the Graal long neglected; Kundry is

back amongst the holy remnant of the brotherhood, a broken-down penitent woman doing all lowly service. In the meeting between Parsifal and Kundry, Kundry is forgiven, and receives absolution at the holy Parsifal's hands. Parsifal reveals himself as the bearer of the sacred spear, the point of which glows a mystic crimson; he is conducted into the presence of the brotherhood—the wretched Amfortas is urged for the last time to uncover the Graal; he is then healed by a touch of the spear-point, retires from the scene, and Parsifal finally succeeds to the guardianship of the sacred relics."

"Your outline is meagre," says Alexis, who had just been studying the score.

"I did not wish again to wander, and now you may perhaps gather even from this sketch why the performance made such a profoundly serious, even religious, impression upon so many. All the great human passions in active conflict with the genius of the Christian religion are played out one after another. The might of sensuality, the moral paralysis which comes of surrender, the redemption which comes of victorious struggle—the victory of purity which is better than the dream of innocent ignorance—the divided conscience of Kundry wavering between the higher and the lower, until her infinite misery brings her to the foot of the cross and she is pardoned in death; the immense and protracted pain which is the punishment of Amfortas' infidelity, his wound being only healed when the evil he has done is atoned for and remedied. The divine Presence in the Sangrai—clouded at times—the grace and solace withheld, but never utterly withdrawn, because of the faithful remnant of the knights, because of the noble struggle, because of the ultimate victory of Parsifal. Here are elements for a dozen oratorios, tragedies, musical dramas, let alone psalms and homilies—and all are to be found richly combined in this astonishing drama."

"We can remember the howl that was raised in England in some circles when the plot of 'Parsifal' first leaked out in the newspapers. I myself was shocked when I heard that anything approaching a celebration of the Lord's Supper was to be attempted on the stage—still more, anything like an impersonation of the Saviour Himself (indeed, no such actual impersonation takes place, but the statement was plausibly near the truth).

"I took my seat at Bayreuth in the darkened theatre, I confess, with the gravest misgivings."

"And how were you converted?"

"I was completely converted by the two scenes most criticized chiefly by those who never witnessed them—the uncovering of the Graal, or the Lord's Supper, and the action of Kundry in washing the feet of the holy Parsifal with her tears and wiping them with the hair of her head."

"The Graal scene rises as vividly before me now as though I had witnessed it but yesterday. On a signal, the knights enter the splendid Hall of Montsalvat, two and two, clad in blue and red robes of the Graal. They take their seats round a semicircular table to stately music—the shrine beneath which sleeps the entranced and aged Titirel, quondam guardian of the Graal, cutting the middle of the arc. Then all, standing, intone the Graal motive, each with a golden cup before him. The wounded king is now borne in—the Graal relics, and as these are deposited on the altar, a celestial chorus of treble voices falls as out of heaven, from the crystal dome, breathing the love-feast motives, 'Take, eat,' and 'This is my blood,' which presently mingle mystically—as the echoes die away in high heaven—with the "Faith and love" motive. I can see the king stagger to his feet, in terrible agony of mind and body, confess aloud his unworthiness to uncover the relics. I hear, again, Titirel's deep and ghostly voice from the open tomb, 'Uncover the Graal!' The angelic voices once more come wafted from on high, telling of a healer and of the divine pity, and at last the wretched king struggles towards the shrine, and with trembling hands prepares, with a great effort,

to lift the covering. An uncontrollable emotion now seizes the Holy Brotherhood—all sink on their knees in silent prayer. The light is dying out of the halls of Montsalvat—the big bells are tolling; the music swells louder and louder; the king takes the Crystal Vase, and as he holds it on high a sort of deep twilight steals on, and all is seen through a mysterious dimness, whilst the full tidal music blends the pain and passion motives together, and the angel voices are heard intoning, in a chorus of unearthly sweetness, 'Drink ye all of this.' At that moment the audience seemed almost as deeply moved as the knights—every eye straining through the shadowy atmosphere, fixed on the Crystal Cup, now held on high, with the dark blood. Suddenly a faint ruby glow—it grows and grows; a crimson ray brightens and streams forth from the centre of the crystal through the deepening twilight. At the sight the knights veil their faces and bow themselves low in prayer, whilst for the last time Titurel's voice is heard from the depths of the tomb:—

"Celestial rapture!
How streams the light upon the face of God?
'Tis past! the crystal cup is dark—the common light returns to the hall—the knights all rise, join hands and embrace, singing—

'Blessed are they that believe,
Blessed are they that love!'

The refrain is caught up by the angelic choirs above the dome and seems to die away in heaven itself. . . . Your eyes are wet, Aurelia. When I ventured to look round me in the theatre at Bayreuth, I could see that many there were in tears—upon me the effect had been indescribable; before my eyes seemed to have passed a symbolic vision of prayer and ecstasy flooding the soul with overwhelming thoughts of the Divine sacrifice and the unfathomable love!"

"You have said enough," said Aurelia, "to show us how deep and tender and religious may be impressions conveyed through such a musical drama as 'Parsifal'; but, indeed, unless the place and the people and the actors were all such as you have described, I could not bear to witness it."

"You are right; and what you say applies even more forcibly to what is known as the Good Friday scene and the pardon of Kundry, in which Parsifal, after his black armour has been laid aside, appears seated like the very figure of the Christ in Leonardo's Last Supper, in a long white robe, with his flowing auburn hair parted down the middle and falling on either side. The situation is bold and would be profane, I think, anywhere—anywhere but at Bayreuth; there it was—I can find no other words—pathetic and sublime!"

"What, I wonder, will be the consequence of such experiments as 'Parsifal' upon the musical drama of the future," remarked Alexis.

"A natural consequence," I replied. "The experiment will be tried again; I fear we shall be deluged with clumsy, not to say irreverent, imitations at home and abroad."

"One of two things," added Alexis. "Such sacred subjects on the stage must either raise the drama or degrade religion—pray what living composers have we equal to the occasion?"

"None," replied I.

(To be continued.)

THE Belgian Government have a curious idea of the laws of copyright. Henceforward every military bandmaster in Belgium is to be allowed to "adapt" copyright operas or other works for public performance by his band. He need not ask permission, but will be allowed to rob other people's brains as a matter of military right. The composer may object in vain to this vulgarising of his melodies, which may be effected in the clumsiest manner possible. The bandmaster is not allowed to use his precious arrangements except for military music; that is to say, he must not perform them at public concerts. In England these arrangements are made with the sanction of the composers and by competent persons. In Belgium any bandmaster may henceforward do the job.

A Russian Violin.

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

—o—

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day our friends left the pilgrim's house at daybreak. They were eager to taste their liberty, and wished to know everything. After taking a long walk they returned to the monastery famished, and learned that Father Arsène had been sending for them to take some tea. They hastily ran to what the Archimandrite called his cell, which was in reality a pretty little house of two stories above the ground floor simply built of brick, and perfumed throughout with old incense which had accumulated on the clothes and furniture for many years.

The monk awaited them in the little drawing-room, where the samovar was gaily boiling, and sent forth torrents of vapour which steamed the windows. There was a basket full of beautiful little white rolls, and, not to submit his guests to the meagre fare of the monastery, Father Arsène had produced some butter and cream—products reserved solely for the sick and infirm. Our friends did honour to the breakfast, after which Demiane spoke of music, as was natural.

"What do you think of my singers?" asked the Archimandrite, happy to be able to put a question to which the evening before he had not heard the answer.

"They are magnificent, they are—I do not know what they are. I feel that my violin is miserable compared to the human voice, and such marvellous voices. Where did you find these voices, Father Arsène?"

"I did not find them, they were ready to hand. Everyone sings well here."

"Yes, but there is something more than singing well, there is—there is something that I cannot name or define, which makes one voice different from another, and they sing a thousand times better here than at the seminary."

Father Arsène gravely put his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"There is something else, indeed, my friend—when you have found that on your violin, when it sings as my men sung yesterday evening, as they always sing, then, and only then, will you be a great artist. If ever you become proud—and you will, for the sin of pride is the essence of our nature—think of my choir of monks."

Demiane looked pensive, and Father Arsène smiled.

"Come, let us go and see the paintings up above," he said in an encouraging tone. Our friends followed him up the staircase.

The first story contained two rooms and a dressing-room, suitably though simply, furnished; these were for the bishop's use when he made his pastoral visit; the Archimandrite occupied similar rooms above, but they were much smaller and simpler. While Demiane was looking in astonishment at the smallness of these rooms the old man opened a little door which led into an obscure passage, then another door, and the young people who had followed him found themselves in a kind of *loggia*, which commanded a view of the plain and valley of the Beresina.

"This," said Father Arsène, "is my promenade on the days when I cannot go out, when I have the gout. Don't you think that this compensates for the smallness of my rooms?"

Demiane was gazing in admiration at the country, beautiful with the golden tints of autumn; the large black firs, side by side with the pale birches, stood out against the meadows, and his eyes were feasting on the colours and forms, as his ears had done on the music at the church. He felt a thousand new sensations which he could not

explain, but their confused intuition threw him into a sort of troubled ecstasy.

As he was turning round to ask some question, he was surprised to notice that the walls of the *loggia* were covered with paintings, and, forgetting what he wanted to ask, he approached to examine them.

It was an exact reproduction of the country beneath his eyes: the little river, the dismantled bridge, the plain, and the white roads leading up the hills, all were there; but on the hill the artist had placed a battery of artillery; in the plain some battalions; fighting and wounded. It was faded by exposure to the weather, but it was an extraordinarily life-like work, more like an illumination than a picture, a startling spectacle which provoked one's attention almost brutally.

"It is the battle," said the Archimandrite, who had followed Demiane's movement.

"What battle?"

"That which respected the Saviour's face on the monastery door, and left us so many corpses to bury."

"The year XII.?"

Father Arsène made an affirmative sign of the head. "The year twelve," such is the name by which the Russians designate that terrible period. These two words provoke a multitude of thoughts and recollections, and after sixty years one is surprised to find the trace of it still lingering in the hearts of the peasants.

"But what made him paint in this place, so exposed to wind and snow, three large paintings, each as large as a room?"

"It was here that the battle took place," replied Father Arsène. "Before misfortune happened, the Archimandrite of that time had engaged an artist, from—I don't know where, to repair the frescoes of our church which were much damaged. The artist remained at the monastery several months, and worked every day, when the French army, in its retreat, passed near here. We were blockaded, and he with us. He came up to this Belvedere to look at the fighting, and thought it so fine, so heroic, that he went to find his brushes, and hastily sketched, on the wall covered with plaster, the scene which was under his eyes. You see here the uniforms of the French, there our soldiers' grey cloaks; this general, below, had his head destroyed by a shell, which you see in the wall, above his shoulders."

Demiane went to look at the shell which had destroyed a portion of the landscape.

"Yes, the painter worked until the moment of the shell striking the wall; how did he escape? Providence intended to warn him of his imprudence without punishing him. This man remained, nevertheless, and finished his work in the midst of a shower of grape-shot, for he served as a target. He did not notice it himself. I have been told, so much was his heart in his work, that he did not lay down the brush till there was not an inch of wall left to cover."

Demiane listened with eyes wide open.

"I understand that!" he said, enthusiastically, "he only thought of his painting. Do you see, Victor, that was a vocation also. I would have been that man, he loved his art."

"He was not a great artist, however," added Father Arsène, with a smile; "but he was a man convinced; and see, the Divine hand has preserved his work, for after fifty years it is nearly the same as on the first day."

"Painting remains," murmured Demiane, "music dies."

"Are you jealous!" said the Archimandrite, pinching his ear. "Music remains, since it is printed, and when every one can either play or listen, while if you had not come here you would not have seen these paintings."

"Yes," sighed the young man, "the composition survives, but the poor composer—"

"Do not be ambitious, my son, do not be ambitious. Be content, if you cannot do better, to give some moments of pure joy to those who

listen to you, and do not wish for more than you can attain. That would be very unfortunate."

They returned to the house, and a few hours afterwards the diligence carried the two brothers on their way to Moscow.

CHAPTER XIV.

FATHER KOUZMA was much upset by his sons' departure, and his legitimate anger was tempered by sorrow. He felt vaguely that he had not shown Demiane enough tenderness or solicitude. Without clearly accounting to himself, he felt that he had done wrong in allowing the boy to grow up in such freedom, almost without rule, and certainly without any idea of duty; he was incapable of feeling the force of the artistic feeling which led his son to another career, but he did understand that it was now too late to force back to the seminary this boy, who up to now had known no other law than his own pleasure. The result of these reflections was to fill the poor man's heart with bitterness, but with indulgence too, and when M. Roussof, having allowed the first wave of his anger to pass, came to him and asked him what he intended to do under the circumstances, the priest replied that he could not allow his sons to die of hunger.

"I was sure of it," replied the doctor, calmly; "but they will not die, be sure: they are too anxious to live."

"If only he had left me Victor," sighed the father.

"Yes, you always had a preference for your elder boy; and it was that which estranged the younger from you. One is punished for injustice, Father Kouzma, and roughly punished. Victor was attached to Demiane precisely because he felt, without accounting for it, the need of making up for your injustice to his brother, and now the elder has followed the younger to replace his absent home."

"You are the cause of it all," said the priest, snappishly; "if you had not given him a violin this would not have happened!"

"Then something else would," replied the doctor, philosophically; "but you may rest assured that Demiane would never have made a sheep of your flock."

Without noticing this irreverent expression, Father Kouzma sighed, and promised to send his sons ten roubles a month towards their support, as soon as they had expressed their penitence; moreover, he promised to leave them alone for two years, without seeking legal aid, or using his own paternal authority to bring them back, unless their conduct should be reprehensible or scandalous.

When the announcement of the success of their adventure reached the brothers they were engaged in settling in an exceedingly modest room, situated in the most populous part of Moscow. In spite of their humble pretensions, they had not been able to secure a separate room on account of the price, and had been obliged to content themselves with one of the lodgings where they let *corners*.

Our readers will hardly imagine it possible to let a corner and not a room. This room was narrow, like a corridor, without fire or air, but furnished with a door, which gave the occupant the illusion of solitude. However, Russian lodgings, even the poorest, are generally composed of very large rooms, ill arranged, which command neither lobby nor passage; consequently, the inhabitant of the last room, or division, of a series, must pass through all the other rooms to get in or out. To lessen this inconvenience, there are sliding partitions, hardly partitions properly speaking, but separations formed like screens, or curtains suspended from rods; these rods are supported by little wooden posts, which are very cheap and look pretty.

The proprietors of lodgings make the best of things. A large room for one man? It would be starvation to let lodgings so! Given a flat, one must not only make it pay as a whole, but each room is expected to repay the maximum.

Thanks to the system of separations, two beds can be put in one room—or three, or even four, one in each corner, if the room be fortunate enough not to have a stove in one angle, where, unfortunately for lodging-house keepers, it is almost always placed. Still, a corner does not necessarily mean a right angle, it may be an acute one, between the stove and the wall; and these corners are let for less money. The most prized are those near the window, because there it is lighter; but in winter the window corners are less appreciated, on account of the cold.

The two young people had hoped to procure a room with only two corners, where, consequently, they would have been alone; but these were much sought for, and they could not find one. Their stay in the hotel to which they had at first gone had made a considerable hole in their modest fortune, and they decided to accept corners where they could obtain them. One day they saw a small card fixed in a window, bearing these words:

"To let, two corners for two quiet young men."

They looked at each other, smiling.

"Are we quiet young men, Victor?" asked Demiane.

"I think so," replied the boy, and they entered.

The bargain was concluded, after some discussion concerning the price, and the same evening they took possession of their respective beds. The tenants of the other corners made their appearance about nine o'clock. One was a medical student, who studiously concealed his Nihilistic opinions, for they had already been the means of turning him out of a number of corners. The other was an apprentice to a furrier, and his clothes had an abominable odour of fur. Neither of them appeared discontented with the appearance of their new companions.

"You belong to the clergy?" the student asked Victor, after having silently observed him for a short time.

"Yes," he replied, innocently; "how do you know?"

"One can see that a glance."

This was the only explanation the young man could obtain. The two old inhabitants commenced to smoke abominable cheap tobacco, which made Victor feel very ill, but he dared not complain. Demiane, too, disliked it, but he accepted a cigarette from his neighbour the student; and this homoeopathic treatment succeeded admirably.

"Well, this is not so bad, is it?" said the young musician next morning on awaking, when he perceived that the other two had gone, no doubt to attend to their daily occupations.

"No, not bad. If only they would not smoke that abominable tobacco which smells like cabbage!" said the poor boy, smiling.

"They will, I'm afraid! We will take a cup of tea to console ourselves, and then I will go and see if there are any letters at the post office."

Two hours later he returned looking so joyful that Victor gazed open-mouthed, not daring to question him.

"Father has forgiven us," said Demiane, hurrying in hot and excited.

Victor threw himself on his brother's neck and burst into tears. They sat down on one of the beds and embraced each other.

"Forgive me! forgive me!" murmured Victor; "I cannot help it, Demiane; I do not wish to vex you, but I was so sad in thinking that our father was vexed with us! I have said nothing all the time, but my heart was heavy, so heavy!"

He sighed deeply, then wiped away his tears, and smiled upon his brother.

"You are an angel," he said, "and I am a wretch. I ought to have thought of your sorrow, while ever since our departure I have thought of nothing but music."

"That is very natural," said Victor, excusing Demiane as usual; "to you music is everything! What does father say? read me his letter."

"It is M. Roussof who has written; we must immediately ask our father's pardon, and he will

write himself. And what do you think? he will send us ten roubles a month!"

"That is good!" murmured Victor; "we have offended him, and, not content with pardoning us, he is willing to help us!"

Demiane had never considered the thing in that light; he became grave and meditative for a few moments.

"He is good," he said at last, "and I will make most humble excuses for myself and for having brought you without permission. If you repent it, Victor, you can still return: we have enough money for your journey. I would not wish you to remain if your heart is there."

Victor did not instantly reply; but when he lifted his eyes to his brother a fixed resolution shone in them.

"I will remain with you, brother," he said; "now that father has pardoned us I no longer feel remorse or sorrow. I am glad to be with you and be able to help you in the future."

The two brothers clasped hands and looked at each other with renewed confidence and tenderness.

The letter was soon written and posted; then, after a little walk, our friends returned to their domicile. Their dinner was composed of tea and bread and cheese, for it was impossible for them to afford a more costly fare, since they had not commenced to give any lessons. But their youthful appetites, and the good news received that morning, made the meal seem delicious.

"Now," said Demiane, when they had devoured the last crumbs and drained their tea-pot, "I am going to give you a little concert. My fingers itch, for I have not touched my violin for more than a week."

He plunged into the famous trunk, heedless of disarranging it, and brought forth the precious object, accompanied by his "method" which he always carried about with him. The leaves were worn at the corners, but Demiane knew the exercises by heart, and if he looked at the book while playing it was merely from force of habit. He made a desk of the samovar, and conscientiously commenced the first exercises.

He had only played about ten minutes when a groan was heard behind the door. Taking no notice, he continued. A second groan, accompanied by profound sighs, followed the first without loss of time. Surprised he stopped; his bow in the air; again all was silent. After an instant, endeavouring to persuade himself that he had been mistaken, Demiane continued his exercises.

It was not a groan which replied, but a modulated plaint, which commenced like yawning, continued like the slamming of a door, and ended in a frightful howl.

"What is it?" asked Demiane, stopping again.

No one replying he took up his bow; but immediately it touched the string, the same noise was repeated.

"It is the landlady's dog!" exclaimed Victor, running to the door.

An ugly black spaniel entered, rolling his eyes in a most piteous fashion. Fat, old, broken-winded, this deformed being entered, stopped in the middle of the room, and looked at our friends.

"Do you wish to come in?" said Demiane to him. "Very well, sit down there and be quiet."

Protesting, with an angry light in his frog-like eyes, the King Charles declared that he would not sit down; but, seeing that the young man took no notice of him, the animal sat down cautiously on its tail.

"Buzz!" went the bow on a bass note.

"Ouaouah!" replied the dog, lifting his nose towards the ceiling in a completely vertical line, so that one could see his head, no longer hidden by his fat neck, bald in places.

"He does not like music, Demiane," said Victor, with an air of consternation.

"Go out then!" said our friend, "no one should dislike music."

But the dog had no desire to move, and, to the

pressing invitation which was given him, accompanied by a kind yet energetic demonstration, he replied by showing his teeth, and remaining obstinately seated.

"Give him some sugar," suggested Victor, who did not like violent means.

With some regret, for sugar is dear, Demiane took a piece of the precious substance and offered it to the dog. The latter allowed himself to be tempted out, and, after having carefully closed the door, the young musician returned to his violin. After playing about ten bars, most piercing appeals were heard all over the house, from cellar to garret; but Demiane had determined to take no notice, and, telling Victor to close his ears, he did his best to play for the next five minutes.

Suddenly the door opened, and the landlady entered, pale with fury, her dog under her arm.

"You have no sense," she screamed, "to make a poor beast cry like that. What do you mean by playing your music here? I only have quiet people, and I forbid you to play the violin, do you hear?"

"You should have written it on the paper placed in your window," said Demiane, who felt his anger rising.

"It was there!"

"What do you mean, how was it there? I don't know how to read then."

"Indeed, it was there; it said that only 'quiet young men' need apply."

"Very well, are we not quiet young men?"

"No, any one who plays music is not quiet, and such music! If it were the piano, at least one knows what that is!"

"Does your dog like the piano?" asked Demiane, sweetly.

"He cannot bear it, the poor dear! But you must either leave off playing or go."

"We will go, then, my dear madam. I should be very grieved to disturb your dog."

When she saw that the young man was so decided not to give way, the landlady became less warlike.

"The dear treasure will become used to it, perhaps," she said; "try; but, if he does not, you must go."

The "treasure" would not become accustomed to it; on the contrary; and about half-an-hour later Demiane declared that he would rather crawl on his knees than listen to such a concert any longer. But as they had paid a week in advance, and were not rich enough to pay for two lodgings at once, Demiane took his violin under his arm and for the next four days, which were very fortunately fine, he charmed the beeches in the wilderness outside the town, where no one listened, and the wandering dogs did not seem to feel the same antipathy to music as their frog-eyed brother.

CHAPTER XV.

THE two brothers soon learnt that it was very difficult to find a lodging when one plays the violin; for several weeks they wandered from corner to corner, always being turned out, either by the landlords or by their companions, who were disturbed by Demiane's practising. At last, M. Roussoff having found another lesson for our young musician, our friends felt themselves rich enough to take a room for themselves, and it was with a heart swollen with pride that Victor commenced to search for this little Eden.

After several days of useless search they finished by arriving outside the town, in a remote corner, near the Nijni-Novgorod railway station, before a wooden house composed of a ground floor and a granary in which the proprietor had ingeniously constructed a loft. The house was so old that it had become bent, and threatened one fine day to fall into the little garden which separated it from the road. The rough sticks of which it was composed made it appear like a peasant's hut, but very white calico blinds partly covered the windows, which were filled inside with fine plants. Victor stopped and contemplated this little house.

"How nice it would be there," he said, "if there was a room to let!"

There was indeed a card in one of the windows; he approached and read with satisfaction: "To let, a room for two single men."

Full of hope, he rang at the little door, formerly painted yellow; a woman of about forty years, with a sad air, poorly clad, came to open it, and he felt quite filled with compassion for her.

"Are you the mistress of the house?" said he to her, without ceremony; "I wish to see the room to let."

"Come in," said the sad woman; "it is this way."

She opened the door, and Victor saw a pretty little room, furnished with two iron beds, a toilet table, another table, and a whatnot. One side of the room was occupied by a piano, mounted on four round feet, ornamented with copper capitals after the style of the First Empire; a frightful piano, which sounded as shrill and dry as the grasshoppers in summer. The paper, of a bright blue, lent an impression of joy and peace to this little room.

"If the piano vexes you," said the melancholy landlady, "it can be taken away, but I do not know where we shall put it."

"It can remain there," said Victor, dissimulating his joy. "But I ought to tell you that my brother plays on the violin; do you think that will disturb you?"

"No," she said. "That will not disturb me. My husband used to play on the violin at private balls, but he is dead."

"Perhaps it will pain you then?" said Victor, always full of compassion for human misery.

"No, I think it would rather give me pleasure. There is another lodger in the next room; I will ask him, but I do not think that he will mind; he works with a German musical instrument maker, and he brings home violin sticks and all sorts of extraordinary things to work at on his own account in the evenings and holidays."

Victor was thoughtful; but a man who makes violins could not dread music.

"And how much a month is your room?"

"Eight roubles, with linen and samovar."

That seemed a good deal to our young friends. Victor bargained for an hour, and obtained a diminution of two roubles, which was a fabulous bargain.

"And for board," said the always sad landlady, "when you wish, I will give you dinner for twenty-five kopeks each, consisting of soup and meat."

"That shall be understood," replied the young man.

He eagerly secured this palace, then returned to his old apartment, full of joy and pride. He applauded himself for his negotiation, and said he could not have believed himself so diplomatic.

Demiane was no less pleased with the blue chamber; it was a little far, very far indeed, but—

"You will see how pretty it will be in the spring!" said Victor. "And then they would be alone in their room! This solitude made up for everything. Their removal was effected without great expense; they carried their own box, each holding a handle, and, bearing all their worldly goods, one fine November evening they entered their new dwelling.

When Demiane sat down and wiped the perspiration from his forehead—

"It seems to me," he said, "that we shall be very happy and commence a new life."

They had scarcely had time to examine their room, when someone knocked at the door.

"It is the landlady coming to ask if we wish for the samovar," said Victor.

He eagerly opened the door. It was not the landlady, but a little fair man, so fair that he appeared white, with a thin red beard and china blue eyes, as lively as most china eyes are dull.

"Good evening," he said, stopping on the threshold. "I am your neighbour who lives in the next room. The landlady has told me that one of you plays on the violin. I make violins. Permit me to make your acquaintance and to present myself:

André Stépanitch Ladof, of the Department of Voronège, come to Moscow by chance, and employed by Miller, musical instrument maker at Ivanovskaya."

After this long discourse all in a breath he bowed, and stood up, waiting a reply.

"Victor and Demiane Markof," said the young musician, smiling; "I am a future great-artist, if I succeed, and my brother is my prophet, in default of anything better; priests' sons, of the Department of Koursk, and very happy to make your acquaintance."

The young people shook hands, and André entered.

"Do you see this piano?" he said, pointing to the wretched instrument, "I pulled it to pieces completely last year by way of practice, and I reconstructed it all alone. I do not say that it is any the better for that. Do you play the piano?"

"A little," said Demiane, "but so little that it is not worth speaking of."

The little fair man commenced to laugh.

"I know," he said, "a man who played the flute and learnt the piano to accompany himself while he played when no one else could do so for him. I do not pretend to advise you, but a violinist should always know how to play the piano, if it were only to be able to set his accompanist right when he made a mistake. Come, young gentlemen and take a cup of tea with me; you must have something else to attend to this evening besides housekeeping; I shall be very happy if you will accept my hospitality."

The singular little man led his newly found guests into the next room, which presented a most whimsical aspect. Pieces of ivory, ebony, and mahogany were lying mixed up in a large Russian bowl, formerly red and gold, now completely tarnished by friction of its angles. An inextricable skein of strings of all thicknesses hanging from a nail descended to a table placed in front of the window, and covered with tools of all descriptions. A very strong smell of glue pervaded the apartment, but for the moment it was disguised by the perfume of boiling tea and the acrid vapour from the charcoal contained in the samovar. A plate full of biscuits and a basket, containing two little white loaves, witnessed to the hospitality of the host.

"Do not mind," he said, "all these things on the wall; they will not hurt you."

Naturally our friends gazed at all these things to which they were to pay no attention. Their appearance was indeed such as to suggest some witchcraft or secret incantation. They were simply cases and bellies and necks, altos and violins; but these unfinished instruments appeared mysterious and fantastic; the black holes, above all, in the middle of the pieces, provoked the idea of some demon ready to spring up. As the proprietor came back after having fetched some cream, a strange noise was heard in the largest of the boxes, suspended over André's head. This plaintive noise was continued; then a scratching was heard in the instrument. The two brothers looked at each other fearfully.

"Is an evil spirit there?" said André, who was naturally cool. "If there is one, come forward. Appear!" he cried, in a loud voice, extending his arms towards the object.

The moan was feebly repeated, sharp as a needle, and the same scratching was renewed with energy. As André approached with a candle to find out the cause of this unusual manifestation, while our friends were looking at each other with a vague misgiving, the head of a little grey cat appeared on the edge of an alto piece, surmounting two little paws very well furnished with claws, which were endeavouring to raise the body of the catkin.

(To be continued.)

I've read that things inanimate have moved, and, as with living souls, have been informed, by magic numbers. MUSIC, where soft voices die, violets in the memory.—Shelley.

A Suet.

By LESLIE KEITIL, Author of "St. Cecilia," "The Chilcotts," &c.

—:—

NO, not music yet. There is a fitness in everything. Music is for the late afternoon when the tide is full and the sun is low, and the very water-flies are tired of their dance, and when perhaps—perhaps, the aunts may have fallen asleep!"

Kitty was the speaker, saucy Miss Kitty Trevanion, and he who listened, admired, and obeyed, was Mr. Frank Holdship, a young man of fortune devoted to music, and an amateur performer of great merit. Time, the end of the London season: scene, a mansion on the Thames, with lawns and gardens sloping to the water's edge, where various people are accepting the summer day's delights with that air of endurance the jaded victims of society wear in July.

Two old ladies in the shadiest corner under the willow, each provided with an easy chair, a footstool, a parasol to shade a cherished complexion, were the exceptions to this all prevailing rule; they did not endure, they enjoyed, though neither the scenery nor the sun contributed to their happiness. They sat together in close talk—the acid talk of worldly age that slips a bit of praise between two criticisms to enhance its flavour. One or two muslin-clad maidens and young men who accentuated the latest fashion paired off together as chance or inclination moved them; but the host, who was the supposed entertainer of the luncheon party, sat under the fir group with Miss Kitty Trevanion.

Fir-trees, when they are old, give but a ragged screen to the sunlight, but young Holdship thought that the bright beams filtered down that they might discover and bring to sight the answering gold in Miss Kitty's hair, as she sat without her hat among the fallen needles, her back held straight against a rugged stem. If she was fair, he was dark enough to make the contrast complete; his eyes for the most part had a contented and happy indifference in their glance, the eyes of a person accustomed to find most things full out according to his liking, but they could assume a dreamy, inward look, that gave him a rather more poetic aspect than can be claimed by many nineteenth century young gentlemen.

He laughed at her saucy words.

"While we wait for the aunts to sleep"—he glanced across at the old ladies in vivacious talk—"what shall we do?"

"Tell me stories," she said promptly.

"I tell all my stories through the voice that is shut up here;" he laid his hand caressingly on a violin case that lay on the grass beside him.

"But I have forbidden that just now," she said, a trifle imperiously. There was a half-frightened, half-shy look in her blue eyes, generally so merry. It puzzled and a little vexed him, though another, more given to a comfortable opinion of himself, would have understood in a moment that she was afraid of any message that might reach her through that channel—afraid, that is, of her power to deny it a hearing.

"Very well," he said, with a half sigh, "since a lady commands, you must be dumb awhile, dear friend, though there was something I would fain you should say for me. But I pray you do not be jealous—"

"A violin jealous?"

"More so than a favourite dog. As jealous as some—who pretend to know—say, women are."

"A fine pretence!" She lifted her chin, but she gave an oddly conclusive illustration of the truth that underlies this assertion by rising suddenly, picking the case daintily off the grass, and carrying it to the outmost limit of the fir-group.

"Why is it jealous?" she demanded, coming

back to her seat—he meanwhile moved between admiration of her quick, free walk and anxiety about his Amati.

"Because it loves to be first."

"Well, I am first now," she remarked, with contentment. "Your violin is out of hearing, so begin."

"I have no skill in story-telling," he said, "you have taken away my voice. At best I can attempt one or two sketches, outlines in black and white we'll call them, or Holdship's panorama if it pleases you better." He paused a while before beginning, though she folded one hand over the other in expectation.

"Here is Scene I," he said at last. "An old white house in the middle of a lawn, a house with many windows, and a door set rather high in it, as if for the convenience of a flight of steps that goes up on one side and descends upon the other."

Kitty smiled demurely, but she did not turn her head.

"A hot summer evening such as this; all the windows open; from one of them sounds float out on the still air of voices in talk, and knives and forks in chorus, and subtle scent comes too, of good things to eat and drink. On one flight of steps sits a small, dark, ugly boy, rather forlorn and rather melancholy, with a new starched frill round his neck, and dreadful anticipations of having to appear before the diners with dessert, and to walk round the table and be cracked under the chin and shaken by the hand.

"To console himself for present and coming evils, he takes a jew's harp from his pocket and draws from it a thin and furtive music. While he plays there appears upon the other flight of steps a wonderful vision—a fairy, as it seems to him in the level sunlight which half dazzles him—a fairy with ruffled gold curls and a chain of daisies wound round and round her neck. She stands on the top of the steps; she wears a white frock, as he sees now, and a blue sash, and she has little red shoes—she looks at him with great solemn blue eyes, and presently she says:

"Give me that thing you are playing on, little boy." And he, knowing that the fairies must be obeyed, immediately surrenders her his dearest possession."

Miss Kitty pouted, and turned away her head.

"What a stale old story, and it's all about children," she murmured.

Holdship laughed softly. "The fairy, it seems, was waiting for dessert too, and when he timidly asked her if she didn't hate to be patted on the head by Sir John, and fed with grapes like a baby by Lady Mary, and stuck upon the music-stool in the drawing-room to play 'The last Rose of Summer' for the amusement of the company, she snubbed him with the most engaging frankness."

"I am sure she didn't," asserted Kitty. "What a slow showman you are!" she cried, thrusting out an impatient little foot and stirring the carpet of needles.

"Scene II. brings us to the ancient city of Oxford—a spring day, this time, when the blossom is out and there is a scent of lilac in the air and the meadows are a mosaic of flowers, and across them, stepping daintily, comes the same fairy—grown tall now—and the flowers seem to bend before her, and the bells from Magdalen Tower ring out a soft music that is all meant for her, as she comes with a stately air that fills a young man who waits by the river with feelings of awe and reverence don and dean strive vainly to inspire.

"There is some one with her to whom she talks—happy some one!—who gets into the boat, and who is to him but a part of it, since he sees no one else but her. He sits opposite to her, and pulls out on the broad, brimming flood, between gliding green banks, and when they are away right in the heart of the silence she sings. It is a music that makes all things seem greater and more beautiful. It is her mission to sing, and he wishes it might be his to listen for ever."

She turned upon him with something between a smile and a frown, but there was a deep flush on her cheek, and her eyes refused to meet his.

"I think your stories are rather stupid," she said; "and your hero and heroine—are they always the same?"

"My heroine is always the same," he said, with a hint of deeper meaning beneath the lightness, "and always will be."

"Then I think we'll postpone the rest of the panorama till another day"—she spoke with an effort at ease; "some dull wet day, when one has nothing else to do."

"There are a great many more scenes. There is one in a drawing-room where people are dancing; there is one in an organ-loft of a little country church"—she blushed a deeper red at that; "there is one in a far-off land where a man lies sick and waiting for death—caring little, indeed, to live, and there comes to him a vision"—

She grew pale at that, but she rose hurriedly and shook out her draperies.

"I told you it was enough," she said. "Wasn't that Aunt Dorothy calling me?"

She left him with a quick step, and he watched her as she went with a very pleasant smile. Then he too rose, and crossed the grass to pick up his Amati. He undid the case, and, lifting the violin out and holding it by the neck, stroked it as gently as if it were a living thing. It was strung, and he drew the bow once softly across it. The answering voice was dear to him, dearer than any voice in the world save one.

"There is room for you both," he said, putting back the violin; "and it was she who came to me first."

Meanwhile Kitty, obeying that imagined call, went over to the aunts under the willows. Kitty, being otherwise kinless, lived half the year with Aunt Jane in Paris, and the other half with Aunt Dorothy in London, and the old ladies employed most of their bi-annual meeting, when they met to exchange Kitty, in discussing her matrimonial prospects. Usually each had a favourite candidate to urge, but for once they were agreed, and the aspirant to be encouraged was none other than Frank Holdship.

They saw Kitty coming now, and edged in each a quick word of warning to the other.

"Not a hint, remember, Lady Jane. The rumour can't have spread yet, and if he asks her to-day he cannot well draw back. He will be the last to hear, poor mooning creature, with no thought beyond his fiddle."

"Not so much as a look, Dorothy. The Marquis would certainly have had to be told; in Paris the dot counts for something. It was a brilliant lot!" she relinquished it with a sigh.

Round the corner, before Kitty had reached the old ladies, came Mr. Popham Smith, a small eager-eyed, elderly man, with a newspaper under his arm.

"How d'ye do, Lady Jane?" he cried; "how d'ye do, Mrs. Trevanion? Heard the news? Just come down—bought a paper"—in his haste he omitted all the little words. "Rumour—Clarke's Bank suspended—"

"My dear Mr. Popham Smith," said Lady Jane, who could be conveniently deaf on occasion, "I was just longing for an ice or a cup of tea. Will you give me your arm? Oh, thanks. Now we shall escape and get a comfortable seat before the others have guessed our purpose. My dear creature, she went on confidentially, as she rustled her stout way across the lawn, "you were mentioning a rumour about Clarke's Bank. Now, I implore you, be discreet. I had heard a whisper, but not a word has passed my lips, not a word. In such matters one can't be too careful. Suppose it were all a mistake—the consequences might be dreadful!"

"Eh? oh! ah, yes," acquiesced Mr. Popham Smith, but dimly enlightened by this argument. In such cases he had usually felt that one can't be too communicative, but he was flattered by Lady

Jane's confidence, and not ill-pleased to bear her distinguished weight upon his arm in the face of the assembled guests. A little diplomacy—a gracious—"You must really come to our next 'at home' in Queen's Gate, dear Mr. Popham Smith," easily won over this ally, and Lady Jane felt she had secured his silence.

But she kept her eye on him for what remained of the afternoon, hardly trusting him beyond her sight, and in like manner Mrs. Trevanion guarded Kitty, and so hedged her about with her own ample person that no one save the host was permitted to approach her.

They had all gone into the house, Kitty's arm safely linked within her guardian's, Mr. Popham Smith hovering near Lady Jane in obedience to her glance; by the double flight of steps they had trooped to the house with the many windows, and there, as if by common consent, they turned to the music-room.

It had been a gallery of doubtful worth when Holdship was the ugly little boy he had described himself, but when he became master he banished the pictures to make way for an art he loved better.

His taste, if dilettantish, was fine and refined in its way. Here was symbolized the music of all time in frieze, and fresco, and marble; and, if the guests knew too little to distinguish between the goat-hoofed reed-player and Tiresias, who was gifted by the gods to understand the meaning of all bird melody—between the listening Silence with raised finger and the Cecilia, listening too, with upward look, they expressed themselves much gratified with the curious aspect of the room.

Here, too, was every instrument out of which man has drawn harmony from old times till now. "Holdship's Folly" some were pleased to call the collection, and Holdship himself was content that it should be so, accepting the implied scorn with a smile on his lips.

Mrs. Trevanion, who found admiration fatiguing, pulled Kitty up short by an ancient virginal that reposed in honourable age upon a carved stand.

"Do you remember this?" said Holdship, coming up behind and breathing the words to Kitty. "Do you remember what was found here once?" His eyes were merry, and Kitty laughed too, though she blushed.

"You are bent on remembrances to-day," she said, with a shade of embarrassment.

"I often look within hoping I may find—that which I found there before," he said again, with words meant for her ear only, "but—I never do."

"What is it—a desk?" asked Mrs. Trevanion, feigning a sudden interest.

Holdship lifted the lid and displayed the yellow keys.

"Dear me, what has become of its legs?" she asked.

"Its legs were not then evolved," he smiled. "This is the direct ancestor of the piano—virginal, harpsichord, spinet, so runs the pedigree; but I daresay the hymns to Mother Mary sounded sweet enough even drawn from this."

"Music, we must have some music," cried Mr. Popham Smith, suddenly inspired, as if he had but awoke to the uses of the room. He looked doubtfully at Lady Jane, and, receiving gracious encouragement from her eye, he again burst forth—

"Miss Trevanion, will you honour us? A song from you would thrice enhance the charms of this—ah—exquisite room."

Every one met this proposal with decorous enthusiasm except Kitty, who frowned upon the exultant little man, and said—

"I can't play. I—I have hurt my finger."

"That excuse does not apply to your voice, niece Catherine," said Lady Jane, from the other side of the room; "perhaps our host will be obliging enough to accompany your song."

"A duet!" cried little Popham Smith, beaming at this suggestion, as if he found it brilliant. "Combined skill—two such famous musicians—splendid!"

Holdship wanted nothing better than to play for her, and, while her sweet voice trembled and thrilled with something that was neither fear, nor shyness, nor happiness, and yet was all three, his fingers were hardly steady on the keys.

A duet—"a musical composition arranged for two," so the dictionary would have it—so he knew it, and she, that summer day. Only for two. It was for him her voice had that strange undertone of feeling so ill suppressed, for her his fingers faltered over the chords. The Silence, standing with upraised finger, might understand, perhaps, or the Cecilia, who had heard music akin to this—but no one else, no one else.

"Kitty," he murmured, "this scene was wanting to my picture gallery; but Kitty, Kitty, my first and only love, must the duet end—may it not go on all our lives?"

Here Mr. Popham Smith made the saddest blunder of his day, rushing in with his ill-timed idiotic burst of congratulation and praise, before the lips Holdship watched could whisper a reply.

Lady Jane, who had seen Kitty's head droop and the tender colour mount to her cheeks, and whose old, worldly eyes could read these innocent signs unerringly, felt as if she could shake the officious little man.

Holdship drew himself up coldly.

"Thanks," he said. "Yes, the acoustics of the room received some study." He was outwardly courteous, but his inward feelings towards the blunderer were unchristian.

"He will come to-morrow," said the aunts, nodding to each other, when they got back to Queen's Gate. "Tis as good as done."

"The fool will never dream of opening a paper," said Mrs. Trevanion crossly, visiting her fatigue upon her victim.

"My dear," said Lady Jane, who was endowed with some penetration of the ill-natured sort, "pray don't imagine you had the worst of it; you had not to conciliate and control that odious little wretch of a Smith."

While the elders thus amicably sparred, Kitty, too, was saying to herself, "he will come to-morrow;" and, while she dressed for a dinner and a dance, she sang a sad air that belongs to Ophelia, being so happy that she must needs court melancholy.

Before the suitor arrived next day to close the business, however, "that odious little wretch of a Smith" bounced ruddily into the drawing-room, breathless, eager, and all unconscious of being unwelcome.

"How d'ye do, Lady Jane? Look none the worse of yesterday—charming as ever. Awfully good of you, you know, spare our host. Wonder how he takes it—poor beggar! All swept away—single blow."

"Man!" cried Lady Jane, with supreme disdain, "of whom are you babbling?"

"Clarke's Bank!" gasped the astonished Smith, "gone to smash—"

"Well!" Lady Jane faced round on him with a really admirable composure. "What is that to me?"

"I thought—I thought—" stuttered the abashed guest. "Holdship, you know—come to utter grief—pile all gone—must sell up. No more fiddling!" He actually grinned.

Lady Jane did not let him see the shock she felt. She swept by him as if he had been a small mouse or other disdained creature, and rang the bell with decision.

"If Mr. Holdship should call," she said to the appearing footman, "you will say that there is no one at home."

"Mr. Smith, you will excuse me," she said, with a whether-you-will-or-no ring in the words. "I have a matter of business to discuss with my sister and niece," and so left him in open-mouthed discomfiture, not even sure if his news had stung her.

They told Kitty that he had lost all his money, and she said, with an uplifted chin and a flash of her blue eyes, that she did not care, and she didn't see that it mattered in the least. She had known Frank all his life, and she had never given his money a thought. She would prove to him now that—that it was something else she liked him for, and—and—

But when they pressed her as to what had happened that day in the garden, what could she answer? For he had said everything, and yet—nothing, and, though she held herself pledged, she had uttered no word.

"The young man will doubtless show proper feeling and refrain from pressing any claim he may imagine himself to have," said one of the guardians.

"There was no bargain," said Kitty the rebelious. "Frank is just the same, though his money may have taken wings. To be rich isn't everything," she murmured to herself; "the music might go on and be as sweet all the same."

"Doubtless," assented Lady Jane, whose sharp ears had caught the drift of these whispered words, "music of a kind. Mr. Holdship might grind an organ—I see little else that he is fitted for—and I understand that so much as a shilling a day may be made in that way."

"Aunt Jane, you are cruel," said Kitty, rising and leaving the room. Aunt Jane was so cruel that she drove the girl to a step she would have blushed to think of even in secret a week before.

One grey, still morning, early, while the aunts were sipping chocolate and the day's portion of scandal, each in her own room and bed, she stole out of the house on foot and alone. She was unused to be alone, but she dared not share her errand even with a maid. She carried a little note in the bosom of her dress that fluttered with every heart-beat, and it was to deliver this with her own hand that she was presently whirled away by train down to the green beautiful country by the river—a familiar way since the days of her childhood.

The summer was in league with Kitty, and the big trees seemed to spread their leaves to hide her, as she ran frightened across the highway to the field-path, where she breathed with less constraint. The door in the high brick wall of the kitchen garden yielded at her touch, and like a thief, but with none of his boldness, she stole down the silent grass path, with the ripening apples nodding over her head.

All the way good fortune favoured her, and hid her from prying eyes, as though she had been another Godiva. While she stood hesitating at the verge of the lawn, some one threw open the window of the music-room. Her heart stood still, but she presently saw that it was a servant, who admitted the sunlight, as if to make ready for her, and then withdrew.

A moment more and Kitty stood where she had stood that other day before any discord had come to mar the duet. Everything here was unchanged as yet, and Cecilia and the Silence listened to the piping of the god, as if that merry music were to know no end.

Her heart gave a sudden ache as she thought that alien hands might now be laid on those loved instruments, and then, with a new dread and clutch of fear lest he should come and find her there, she opened the desk-like lid of the virginal, and, slipping her note into its keeping, she noiselessly shut it again and fled.

For some days she fed on hope, every now and then dashed with shame as she recalled some word or phrase of her message. It seemed such a daring thing to have done, and a thousand times she wished she had not written that note, or that she had it there to re-write. Then as quickly she would defend herself against her own accusations, stoutly asserting that it was the least she could do—that any one could do—and so the pendulum swung back and forth, and was never at rest.

For all this time no answer came, and Kitty

drooped or was defiant according as Aunt Jane or Aunt Dorothy plied the screw. Aunt Dorothy was a trifle the less acid of the two, though the more complaining, and the girl bore her pointless arguments with a semblance of patience.

"My dear," said Mrs. Trevanion, "we have decided, your Aunt Jane and I, to spend the autumn in travelling on the Continent. This, I may point out, is somewhat of a sacrifice at our age, and you must endeavour to repay it by forgetting this folly. It is unmaidenly to cherish an unreturned fancy."

"How—do you know—it is unreturned?" faltered poor Kitty. ("Unmaidenly!" she whispered to herself, and her cheeks tingled as she thought of the letter, perhaps even yet reposing unread in the bosom of the virginal.) "You want me to consider myself free because he is no longer rich. What honour or faithfulness would there be in that?"—she went on, the more vehemently that she was combating an inward dispiritment and doubt.

"If that is your only scruple, you may dismiss it," said Mrs. Trevanion, dryly. "Your lover's sense of honour is less fine."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear Catherine—we meant to spare you this for a time, but your headstrong conduct makes it impossible—that *your* fortune went in the same crash that deprived young Holdship of his. If your money had been safe I have no doubt he would have shared your Quixotic views as well as your income, but, as you are both beggars, he cries quits; and I must say," added Aunt Dorothy, with conviction, "he shows himself less of a fool than I took him to be."

Kitty had heard but part of this speech.

"Then I am quite poor?" she asked.

"Absolutely, and I must tell you it very materially alters your matrimonial prospects. If the Marquis—"

But Kitty waived the Marquis away, impishly.

"Are you sure he knows it?" she demanded.

Mrs. Trevanion smiled dryly. "Everybody knows it. If you had come into a fortune instead of losing one, the affair would not have been half so well discussed."

Kitty went white with a sudden sharp ache at her heart—was it pain or was it scorn? Then with something of her old, quick spirit, she said: "I agree with you, Aunt Dorothy, that we had better set out on our travels. I am ready when you are."

* * * * *

A week or two later Lady Jane, seated in a small private sitting-room overlooking the Lake of Geneva, was visited by Mrs. Trevanion, who held a newspaper in her hand, and bestowed it on the other with a hint of triumph in the act, as if for once she anticipated victory in a coming argument.

"Read that, if you please. I think it will interest you."

Lady Jane adjusted the spectacles on her fine nose and calmly lifted the paper. It was a local sheet, given over to the chronicles of a certain market town on the Thames; the paragraph in question was scored with triple lines of ink, and it ran thus:—

"We have great satisfaction in informing our readers that the disquieting rumours relative to the loss sustained by a distinguished townsmen of our own, and an accomplished musician, are entirely without foundation. Mr. Holdship, we understand on excellent authority, severed his connection with Messrs. Clarke nearly a year ago. Those of us who have the honour of this distinguished musician's personal acquaintance will have an opportunity of congratulating ourselves and him on his fortunate escape, at the concert on behalf of the Library Fund, for which the committee has secured his valuable services."

"Well," said Mrs. Trevanion, when Lady Jane

had deliberately read the passage, "what do you think of it?"

"Crawling and bombastic," said Lady Jane, with decision. "As for the information, it is no doubt true."

"It is a pity you were so precipitate," said Mrs. Trevanion, sharply.

Lady Jane looked at the speaker with a lofty, smiling disdain.

"One would think you were sixteen, my dear, instead of sixty. You have no discrimination. This really is a most simple affair. Bring me a sheet of paper and a pen."

Being meekly supplied by her snubbed antagonist, the resolute Lady Jane took down her feet from the sofa and wrote thus:—

"DEAR MR. HOLDSHIP,

"As an old friend of your parents, and a recipient more than once of your graceful hospitality, you will permit me, I am sure, to congratulate you on the fortunate circumstance that has saved you from the terrible ruin now fallen on so many of our friends and acquaintances. We have this moment received the assurance of your continued prosperity in the pages of the *Queensford Herald*, and I lose not a moment in offering you our sincerest congratulations."

"Mrs. Trevanion and I came here a week ago, partly on account of our niece's health, which causes us some anxiety; but we trust that prolonged rest in this fine air will have a beneficial effect."

"With our united regards,

"Believe me, dear Mr. Holdship,

"Sincerely yours,

"JANE BALFOUR."

"That, I think," she said, with a dry smile, as she closed and directed the note—"that will fetch him."

It did fetch him, and in the course of two or three days he was standing in the room whence this diplomatic note had gone, and in the presence of Lady Jane.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that you withdraw your written prohibition, and that—since rumour has for once spoken false—I am again held worthy to address your niece?"

"Precisely," said Lady Jane. "My dear young man, your circumstances, as you wisely point out, have everything to do with the matter. Unfortunately, Catherine's loss is, unlike yours, beyond repair; if her fortune had remained it might have been another affair."

"Naturally, we would then have lived on Miss Trevanion's means," he said, so quietly that she could hardly assure herself of his ironical intention. "It remains with her to say whether she will honour me by sharing mine, and that, by your leave, Lady Jane, we must settle alone."

"The young man has a spark of spirit after all," said the old lady, not ill-pleased to be met with her own weapons; "the marquis couldn't have been more high and mighty."

Kitty was alone in the garden by the lake, where she spent most of her day. A German band was playing in the neighbouring garden, and it covered the sound of his footsteps, so that he came upon her unawares, and he had time to be greatly touched and moved by her attitude.

She was thin and pale, and she held her two little hands to her ears as if to shut out the sound of that gay and assured music made for happy people.

When at last she raised her listless eyes and saw him standing before her, she started up and stepped back with a sudden recoil.

"Kitty!" he said—but she held him off. "Why did you come?" she said, passionately; "I wanted to forget you. Did you come to laugh at me about my letter?" she demanded, with swift bitterness. "Well, you can hardly add a pang to the shame I have suffered already; but, if you care to know it, I scorn you more than myself."

There was no listlessness now; it was all burnt up in the fire of her disdain.

"I only found this yesterday." He drew her letter from some safe place.

She made a snatch at it.

"Give it to me," she said, imperiously. "When I wrote it I did not know, as you did, that I was penniless, and I—I have changed my mind."

"Is it poverty you are afraid of, Kitty?"

She flashed a fiery look at him.

"Do you think you should taunt me with that? Give me back my letter."

"I will not give it up," he said, withholding it gently. "It is my dearest possession. It is the noblest, most gracious, most generous letter that ever was written, and it will be kept by me till I die, and handed down to my descendants to be an example to girls in days to come."

She eyed him suspiciously, doubtfully—then all at once she broke down and hid her face.

"If you—cared for it, why did you leave me all these weeks?" she sobbed. "They told me it was because I was poor."

"And you believed this, Kitty?"

She bowed her head beneath his reproach. She had been generous herself, and she had not believed him capable of an equal generosity. An equal quixotic folly, Aunt Jane would have said, but then sensible old ladies do not look at such matters from a lover's plane.

"It was only yesterday morning that the virgin revealed its precious secret," he explained. "Dear heart, that day—that day you sang to me, grave news came which took me far from home."

"I know," she murmured, thinking of his vanished gold.

"When I came back your aunt's door was shut to me. I went again and again, and at last they told me you had gone away. It was only yesterday morning—a red letter morning it was—that I learned where you were."

"Who told you?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Your aunt, Lady Jane."

"But," she said, with incredulous brows, "she knows that you are poor!"

"There was a little mistake about that," he said, easily; "never mind it now. And that duet, dear love, that we began"—he took her hand and she let it lie unresisting in his, and when he stole his arm about her waist she did not say him nay—"that duet that we began, shall we take it up again and only end it with our lives? The music will but sound the sweeter for a momentary discord. The music-room is waiting for you, Kitty. Yesterday at early morning, when the old virginal gave me that kindest message, St. Cicely looked at me with a question in her eyes, and the Silence holds a finger up waiting for your voice, and even harsh old Pan has forgotten his fluting while he listens for Kitty's step. What answer shall we give them, my Kitty?"

She looked up with a tender light in her eyes but a brave smile on her lips.

"We will make the answer with a song," she said, "and it will be—"

"What will it be, Kitty?"

"I will sing it to you—some day," she said, in sudden confusion hanging her head, and her cheeks were like the rose, and her eyes were shy, and the hand he held fluttered like a prisoned bird in his own.

But he asked no more, having indeed got a better answer than he deserved.

M. PALADILHE's new opera "Patrie," founded on M. Sardou's drama of the same name, was produced in Paris last month, and excited the interest usual in the French capital on such occasions. The book is universally praised, but the music is not spoken of with much enthusiasm. It appears to reflect the styles of Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Gounod by turns, and the composer has not evinced much originality of idea. The mounting, as usual at the Grand Opéra, is superb, and the principal parts are finely interpreted by Mme. Krauss, M. de Reszé, and M. Lassalle.

Mr. Iver McKay.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers this month with a portrait of Mr. Iver McKay. By dint of strong, persistent, individual effort, conscientious and careful study, and a voice of remarkable richness and resonance, he has steadily worked his way to public favour; and if health and strength are vouchsafed to him, there can be no doubt that a successful, and possibly a brilliant, career is open to him in the near future. Since the too early death of Mr. Maas the number of our really great tenor singers, never very large, is reduced to three or four; and of these Mr. McKay may certainly claim to be reckoned as one.

"I am very pleased to see you," said Mr. McKay to a representative of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC who called upon him the other day. "You want to know something about me personally, and about my career, do you? Well, draw your chair closer to the fire—the weather is raw and cold—and while I am rummaging in my memory for a few facts to tell you, let us make ourselves as comfortable as we can." With a cheery *bonhomie* all his own thus he proceeded:

"I first saw the light of the world in Dublin, in the year 1855. Although technically I may be described as an Irishman, I yet maintain that I am by descent a Scotchman. All my ancestors were Scottish, and my grandfather, a good old Scot, trailed a musket in the Peninsular Wars. You know that Mr. Gladstone, by the chance or mischance, whichever you will, of having been born in Liverpool, may be set down as an Englishman; but you also know how frequently he urged on Scottish audiences, in the course of his Midlothian campaign, that his father and mother were Scottish in their origin, and that by all the claims of descent he was to be recognized as a countryman of their own. My position is precisely similar, for," Mr. McKay added with a merry laugh, "the fact of a man being born in a stable does not, of course, make him a horse."

"In the earlier years of my boyhood the musical instinct was strong within me. At six years of age I began my musical career as a chorister boy in Her Majesty's Chapel Royal in Dublin Castle, being employed in the same capacity in Trinity College University. I continued the musical career which I have described up to the time when my voice broke. This occurred when I was about thirteen, and for the next four years of my life I was engaged in a merchant's office. The truth is, that at this time I had really no definite aim before me in regard to the career which I should follow when launched on the world; I was simply feeling my way. At seventeen I crossed over to England, and feeling a strong predilection within me at this time in favour of the stage, and a great ambition to become an actor, I really donned the buskin and, so to say, 'strutted my hour upon the stage.'"

"You surprise me: which branch of the drama did you choose? Tragedy or comedy?"

"Well, the fact is I never thought I should become a singer. The parts which I played were not those usually associated with the names of Irving and Toole; they were what is known as minor parts, but still the educative influence of this dramatic experience upon me has been very valuable and very lasting. I joined a French Ballet d'Action Company, which travelled about the country from place to place giving performances. I see you look a little puzzled, but the *ballet* which I refer to is not that sort of entertainment associated with the Alhambra and other like resorts of the *jeunesse dorée*. No; it is a species of dramatic story which the performers represent by sign and gesture; and so wonderfully proficient were our company that he must indeed have been a veritable dullard who failed to grasp and follow the

unfolding of the plot as it was pantomimically interpreted. The company was composed of ten Frenchmen and I, and these gentlemen were the most perfect artists I have met in that particular line of business. I travelled with them principally in this country. Each of us played as many as seven to ten parts in a week; and although, as you may judge, the life was a sufficiently arduous one, yet it was in some respects the most interesting part of my life. I passed through such trying ordeals and suffered so many hardships as only those who have to earn their bread on the stage can know, although quite a boy. To me, however, the life has been especially valuable in this respect, that it has furnished me with a great deal of useful knowledge regarding the ways of the world; it thoroughly disciplined me, and for the purposes of the musical career which I subsequently adopted, it has placed at my command a thorough and intimate knowledge of stage business; for opera purposes dramatic action is not less important to the singer than vocal interpretation. Hence, if I were disposed to follow opera I should not be so disadvantageously situated as some singers have been, because in my case the dramatic training has preceded the musical, and has not been hurriedly superimposed as a secondary adjunct. So greatly have I been impressed with the importance of the training which I received during my strolling-player career, that the conviction has frequently occurred to my mind that if our present-day actors were to undergo a preparatory training somewhat analogous to mine, they would in truth be actors and not merely walking automatons. In any case, it gave me more insight into stage business than I ever gained before or have done since. The experience was a most delightful one to me, and I feel that I owe a great debt of gratitude to those Frenchmen for what I learned from them. There is another fact in connection with this subject which I should like to mention, because it is of considerable importance to singers. In France you are taught continuity of tone; this is not done in England. Have you noticed how most actors of the present day speak on the stage? Well, as a general rule there is a jerkiness and a choppiness about their mode of delivery which is offensive to the ear familiar with the regularity of cadence incident to the even rhythm. I believe that Mr. Irving's success on the stage has been due in no small degree to the acquisition of this art of continuity of tone; scarcely any other first-class actor has adopted it.

"But this is to some extent a digression. During this play-acting period I had no musical voice. I did not get it until very late, when I was twenty-one or twenty-two. I then became private secretary to Sir Edward Lee, managing director of the Alexandra Palace. I remained there for some time. Being strongly advised by some friends to adopt a musical career, I entered upon a course of study with this object."

"Where did you study, Mr. McKay, and under whose auspices?"

"I made my pilgrimage to Mecca, of course; that is to say, I fell in with the orthodox convention and betook myself to Italy. But I really think I might as well have kept my money in my pocket for all the good I came by my sojourn there. I studied for a short time under the best masters in that country, but on my return to England I found that my method of singing was sadly impaired for home purposes. The modern Italian method of study is all very well for opera, but for the English concert-room it is practically useless. It may be said therefore that any one who intends to devote himself to the concert-room, as I intend to do, has very nearly to unlearn all that he has acquired during a residence in Italy. This has been my experience, and I am sure it has also been the experience of many other singers."

"How do you account for the reputation which the Italians have acquired both as teachers and singers?"

"It is due to a variety of causes. No doubt the Italians and other southern nations have very fine voices naturally; but the renown which Italy has earned in the matter of teaching singing is due to the genius and musical ability of the old masters, to the backwardness of musical education in the England of bygone days, and to the prejudice, carefully fostered, that it was 'the thing' for a singer to go to Italy to be taught; that he must have the Italian hall-mark upon him before he could pass as current coin; just as the *grand tour* was the indispensable part of a gentleman's education in the days of our forefathers. But this fallacy is being exploded, and I hope to see it dead and buried one of these days. At any rate, circumstances have greatly altered since those times. Musical culture in England has now reached a high level of excellence. Our native teachers compete successfully with those resident abroad; the highest and best musical talent of the world finds its way to England as offering the best paid market for the commodity to be disposed of. I therefore maintain that it is not at all necessary for the student to quit his native shores in search of musical instruction. It can be had, if not better, at least quite as good at home."

"Then I should be correct in describing you as a home-made singer?"

"Certainly, and this is a point which I am especially anxious to press home. To all intents and purposes my musical education has been a native one, and I am proud of it. We ought to stand up for English music and English-made singers more persistently than has been the practice hitherto. When I returned from Italy I placed myself under the instruction of Mr. T. A. Wallworth, a master to whose training I owe my success as a vocalist, and who was so markedly successful in training Mme. Valleria. For twelve months afterwards I did nothing but devote myself to serious and hard study, eventually appearing for the first time in public at St. James's Hall in place of Mr. Edward Lloyd. The scallop having once been launched its subsequent journey was in comparatively smooth, if not eventful, waters. From this time henceforward engagements for my services from all parts of the country came upon me in quick succession. I continued, notwithstanding this pressure, the course of study which I had marked out for myself. About this time I was offered an engagement at the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg; but owing to my English engagements I was forced to decline. Having appeared for the first time at one of the Philharmonic Society Concerts under the baton of Sir Arthur Sullivan, he was good enough to take an interest in me and to recommend me. He selected me as one of the artists for the Leeds Festival, but in no other instance have I been the recipient of patronage. In connection with the Leeds Festival, I think it ought to be known that there is an outstanding feature of great prominence which redounds to the credit of Sir Arthur Sullivan as well as to musical England. At Leeds we were English to a man; and the principal compositions produced were from the pens of native composers. The compositions of Sullivan, Mackenzie, and Villiers Stanford were the great successes of the occasion; and to return for an instant to the point which I have already emphasized, the Festival proved that we have as fine musicians among us as foreign countries are able to produce."

"You want to know something about my future engagements? At the present time I employ no agent, but I have numerous engagements to fulfil in the coming season. To mention the most important only, I go in six weeks' time to Brussels and Antwerp; then I am engaged to appear in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, and many other towns. I have been selected by Mr. Manns, of the Glasgow Choral Union, and I have also been selected to go abroad."

"Then I may take it that you are largely in request as a singer?"

"Without egotism be it spoken, I have not the least hesitation in replying in the affirmative. There is one thing to be noted. Since the death of poor Maas, who was a personal friend of mine, and whom I greatly admired as a singer, the number of tenors available are but few in number."

"I understand that, owing to the frequent indispositions of Mr. Sims Reeves, you have been largely in request as his deputy; is that so?"

"Yes, I think you may safely assume that to be the case. Indeed, I shall not be wrong in attributing a great deal of my popularity to that reason; besides, I am told that my method of singing to a great extent resembles that of our great tenor; but none of us possesses his artistic excellence."

"I suppose there is a good deal of shadow as well as sunshine in the singer's career?"

"A very great deal indeed—more than is ordinarily believed to be the case. No one is aware of the difficulties, disappointments, struggles, hopes deferred, which the vocalist has to contend with. For such a profession as mine you want a stout heart, I can tell you; for the lack of it I have known many a splendid man go to pieces. In addition to these, you have a large number of petty jealousies and many prejudices to overcome. The singer who is guilty of a fault in public, need scarcely ever expect forgiveness. The public has a long memory, and so has the Press, in addition to its lynx eye; and woe betide the man who transgresses; he is scourged with a double dose of whips and a triple dose of scorpions. Of course they cannot be expected to know all one's little annoyances, disappointments, sudden and unexpected attacks of indisposition while on the platform, and private troubles. But as singers have not been more favoured of the gods in this respect than other mortals, there they are all the same; and yet you are expected to appear prompt to the call, and like the clown in the pantomime, to salute your auditors with—

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles..."

"Tis the way of the world; but seeing that your services are so largely in request by the principal Societies of the country, shall I not be right in believing that you are 'a coming man?'"

"Thank you; I am studying and working very hard, and my hope is that one of these days I shall be what you describe. Good-by."

Stanzas for Music.

—:o:—

Cradle Song.

*Hushaby! the wind's in the tree,
Singing a night-song for you and for me;
All the dear stars wear their mantles of gold;
Birds in the bracken, and lambs in the fold—
Sleep.*

*Hushaby! the waves on the strand,
Drowsily dancing, ebb out hand in hand;
Down in the meadow, the buds white and red,
Silent, together, sweet head laid to head—
Sleep.*

*Hushaby! the brook as it goes
Whispers a story that nobody knows;
Out of the moonlight the angels let fall
Beautiful dreamlets for little ones all—
Sleep.*

M. C. GILLINGTON.

From Mozart to Mario.*

Reminiscences of Half a Century.

By LOUIS ENGEL.

—:o:—

THESE reminiscences of half a century are very entertaining reading. It is not quite clear why Mozart, who died in 1791, and Paganini, who died in 1840, have been introduced; but the other personages who figure in the reminiscences have come more or less within the sphere of Dr. Engel's personal knowledge. Dr. Engel does not profess to be a biographer, but he sketches the salient features of the lives of a number of distinguished composers, performers, and singers. There is a strange fascination about the personality of distinguished men and women, and those who wish to know something more of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Nilsson and Patti than can be heard in the concert-room or the theatre, will do well to turn to these two elegant volumes, entitled "From Mozart to Mario."

Dr. Engel has certainly had splendid opportunities. He has roamed in the service of music from Smolensk to San Francisco, and has had a full share in the musical life of the past half-century as a performer, as a critic, and as a teacher. When in Paris, he saw Rossini every day, who kept his best wine for his friend Engel. He corrected the score of Berlioz's symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," and received a presentation-copy bearing the words, "Souvenir admiratif—H. Berlioz." When "Faust" was first produced he rallied Gounod on the extraordinary success of the most trivial number, "The Soldiers' Chorus," and Gounod told him that operas, unlike men, are born feet foremost. Once, when walking with Meyerbeer, he wanted to pass on hurriedly, hearing an air from his companion's opera, "L'Etoile du Nord," horribly mutilated on a street-organ, but Meyerbeer said he liked it! On the night of Patti's first appearance in Paris he asked Auber what he thought of her, and Auber said, "She has made me feel young for a whole evening"—surely one of the prettiest compliments ever paid. When a boy, he happened to be present at a music-lesson given to Clara Wieck by her father, who scolded her for not making a *glissando* passage in a fantasia by Herz "ethereal" enough. He has visited Verdi at his villa on one side of the Bay of Naples, and Thalberg at his villa on the other. Mario told him the story of his adventure with an ingenious pickpocket. He has been favoured with confidences from Patti on the delicate subject of ladies' ages, and he has had a talk with her favourite parrot Charlie.

Rossini.

Dr. Engel tells us every detail of Rossini's life in Paris, and a very lazy life it was. Once he had gained fame and fortune, he was quite content to rest on his oars. When Donizetti was told that "The Barber" had been composed in a fortnight, he said, "I am not at all surprised, he is so lazy." Rossini, in fact, worked only by fits and starts, and after the production of "William Tell," in 1829, when he was only thirty-seven, he practically did no work at all. He was exceedingly fond of the good things of this life, and was well known in the markets of Paris as a hunter for delicacies. An enthusiastic Russian princess once asked what tribute of admiration she might lay at the feet of the *maestro*, and was told to send him some nice asparagus from Potel and Chabot! But with all his faults, the composer of "The Barber" was as jolly a fellow as his own Figaro. Every Saturday

night he had his dinner-party of fourteen, never more, never less—for he always had reserves in readiness, in case only thirteen should arrive. After dinner he would sit in his dining-room, like a monarch on his throne, while his guests sang or played in the adjoining drawing-room, and then in turn passed trembling before him to receive a word of encouragement or reproof. His remarks were sometimes the reverse of complimentary, but Dr. Engel at least had no reason to complain. He tells us how he once played a little piece on the harmonium, and was made the happiest man in Paris by the word "Admirable."

Of Rossini's witticisms and pointed sayings there is no end. Meyerbeer was once complaining that he felt rather out of sorts. "Dinorah" was coming out at the time, but Meyerbeer, who had a positive mania for rehearsing, delayed the first representation, although artists, chorus, and orchestra knew their parts by heart. "I tell you what it is," said Rossini, "you are having too much Meyerbeer." He once gave great offence to Liszt by saying, when Liszt was improvising on the little Pleyel piano in his study, "I rather prefer the other." "The other?" asked Liszt. "Yes; Haydn's Chaos," replied Rossini. "It was Chaos you meant to represent, was it not?" It is interesting to hear Rossini's estimate of himself as given to Dr. Engel. "My immortality?" said Rossini. "Do you know what will survive me? The third act of 'Tell,' the second act of 'Otello,' and 'The Barber' from beginning to end."

Was Rossini quizzing Dr. Engel, when the following conversation passed?

"I asked him was he in love, or very hungry and miserable, when he wrote the Prayer in 'Moses in Egypt'; for hunger as well as love has the power of making people write with lofty inspiration. 'I will tell you,' he said, and from his ironical smile I saw some fun was coming: 'I had a little misfortune; I had known a Princess B—q—e, and she, one of the most passionate women living, and with a magnificent voice, kept me up all night with duos and talking. A short time after this exhausting performance I had to take a *tisane* which stood before me, while I wrote that prayer. When I was writing the chorus in G minor, I suddenly dipped my pen into the medicine bottle instead of the ink. I made a blot, and when I dried it with sand (blotting-paper was not invented then), it took the form of a natural, which instantly gave me the idea of the effect which the change from G minor to G major would make, and to this blot is all the effect—if any—due."

Auber.

Auber, says Dr. Engel, was the most *spirituel* composer of a nation whose chief characteristic is *esprit*. One would expect a *spirituel* composer to have begun young, but curiously Auber's first successful opera was not produced until he was thirty-seven, the age at which Rossini left off. But if Auber did not commence writing until middle age, he continued to work steadily during the remainder of his long life. Throughout his career he was assisted by Scribe, the king of librettists, and the names of Scribe and Auber were as inseparably united as those of Gilbert and Sullivan have since become.

The account of the origin of "Masaniello" is interesting. In 1828 Auber was determined to produce an opera on a grand scale, but there was no soprano at the Opera whom he cared to entrust with a heavy part. "Why not make your *prima donna* a dancer?" said Scribe, thinking of Mlle. Bigottini, who had just made a great hit. The result was the production of "Masaniello," in which the heroine is the Dumb Girl of Portici, whose story was represented in pantomimic action by the celebrated danseuse. The powers that be have regarded "Masaniello" with suspicion, owing to its revolutionary tendencies. It was after a performance of "Masaniello" in Brussels (Aug. 25, 1830) that the riots commenced, which ended in the expulsion of the Dutch from Belgium. And Dr. Engel tells us how Louis Philippe sent for Auber in 1830, and after thanking him for the influence of "Masaniello" in promoting the Revolution

*Richard Bentley & Son, London. Two vols.

which had placed him on the throne, said he would take it as a special favour if "Masaniello" were not performed again!

Meyerbeer.

The music of Meyerbeer is happily described as having the melodic charm of Italy, the science of Germany, and the piquant grace of France. He was, says Dr. Engel, the pioneer of new ideas in the development of the orchestra—it was certainly a striking idea to make the dead rise from their graves, in "Robert le Diable," to the accompaniment of the bassoon.

A genius has his faults, often more than ordinary mortals. Meyerbeer was over-sensitive and parsimonious. We have seen how Rossini hit off the over-sensitiveness which made Meyerbeer so apprehensive of failure. His parsimony in the ordinary affairs of life was the more noticeable from the lavishness with which he spent his immense fortune to ensure the success of his operas. This lavish expenditure was really a result of his over-sensitiveness, which made him doubtful of attaining success without such extraneous aid. Before he brought out a new opera, Meyerbeer would buy up every critic in Paris, paying as much as £300 for a *feuilleton* on "L'Etoile du Nord." Money was literally no object to Meyerbeer. He anticipated the modern craze for realism, by introducing skaters on the stage in one of his operas. For the *mise en scène* of "Robert le Diable" he contributed no less than £1200. When "The Huguenots" had been performed sixty times, he was afraid it might be withdrawn, and he offered to bet Duprez, the tenor, his author's rights for twenty performances that the opera would never reach the eightieth night. This ingenious expedient was successful. Meyerbeer lost his bet, but attained his wish. But he sometimes overdid it, witness the following:—

"Once in Berlin the chorus sang rather tamely in 'The Huguenots,' Meyerbeer. Afraid that the great scene—the Benediction des Poignards—would lose its effect through want of energy on the part of the chorus, sent for the leader, and asked him what he could do to infuse some spirit into the performance of the chorus.

"Why," said the learned man, "*similia stimulis curantur*—infuse some spirits into the singers."

"What sum?" said Meyerbeer, "would it require to make these gentlemen do their best?"

"The *chef des chœurs* named a sum, and was instantly authorized to give it. Off they went round the corner to spend it. And tell it did! When the grand chorus came on they were full of spirit, and screamed so that the performance was utterly spoiled."

Verdi.

The account of Verdi will be read with special interest at this moment when all Europe is talking of the production of "Otello," at La Scala in Milan. The troubles and the triumphs of Verdi's youth are graphically described, and we are shown the crown of all his labours the pleasant villa of Sant' Agata, built on the scene of his early trials. "Otello" will be chiefly compared with Verdi's last opera "Aida." The story of the production of "Aida" is thus told by Dr. Engel:—

"Ismail Pacha, Khedive of Egypt, a man of liberal, even luxurious taste—as we have since learned—had built a theatre at Cairo for Italian opera, and, to give it particular *décor*, he was advised to ask Verdi for a new opera. He lost no time in doing so, and Verdi, thinking it rather interesting to compose for an Egyptian potentate, was advised by a friend to ask four thousand pounds for the score, two thousand to be paid at once, and the other two thousand on delivery of the MS. score, which was immediately conceded and eventually executed. Another two thousand pounds, which he stipulated as a compensation for his travelling to Cairo should he be required personally to superintend the work, was done away with, as it was not thought necessary to give him the trouble; so his pupil and friend Muzio was, with his full consent, entrusted to conduct the rehearsals and performance. The libretto, that is to say the *scenario* of the opera, was sent to Verdi, the author being one of the most distinguished Frenchmen living in Egypt, M. Mariette, who had directed highly important excavations in the

Desert, and had in recognition of his great services obtained the title of Mariette Bey.

"The idea pleased Verdi, and he got M. du Locle to write the whole opera out after Mariette Bey's plan, scene for scene, verse for verse, superintending the work so far that he took an active part in it. For instance, the last scene, where Rhadames is condemned to be immured in the vault below so that the spectator sees below and above two stages over each other, is Verdi's own idea. He then set to work, and, when he was nearly ready, an event happened which allowed him much more time than he thought he would have. The machinery was constructed at Cairo, the costumes and decorations were prepared in Paris. But in the meantime war had been declared between France and Germany, and the military promenade to Berlin had taken the tragic turn of a promenade to Paris, and Paris was invested. The siege prevented all the necessary paraphernalia prepared in that town from being sent to Egypt, and for a whole year was the much-desired performance delayed. It was not until the end of the year 1871—strange to say, on Christmas Eve (Dec. 24)—that the first performance took place.

"The audience arrived hours before the beginning; the prices for the few seats to be had, attained fabulous proportions, and the aspect of the house was all the more interesting to the Europeans since they wanted to see those handsome, pale, dark-eyed Greeks, and the three boxes near the stage, covered with white muslin, behind which sat the 'ladies of the harem,' who could see through—but could not be seen. The Arabs themselves go only exceptionally to hear such music, which produces upon them the effect that Japanese music produces upon us. They were, however, so far interested that they went to the theatre, where they smoked with the grave solemnity which becomes Orientals who through their smoke stare at the prominent inscription which forbids smoking."

Gounod.

Gounod as a man is photographed in these Reminiscences. We are told of his pliability, his diplomacy, his "velvet cat's-paw touch of every dangerous topic of conversation," "the unbounded amiability of a disposition always of the same opinion as the interlocutor."

Dr. Engel rather cruelly reminds us that Gounod is as remarkable for his failures as for his successes. Gounod only got £80 out of "Faust" from England; his reputation was so well established when "Mireille" was produced, that he was paid £1400; finally he received £4000 for the copyright in England of "Le Tribut de Zamora," which was so unsuccessful that the publisher never had it engraved, as this would only have been throwing good money after bad.

Wagner.

With composers of the French and Italian schools, Dr. Engel is in hearty sympathy; but if sympathy is intense, it appears to be restricted. He is enthusiastic about "The Barber," but he despises "Tristan und Isolde." Is Wagner not the man who was guilty of the terrible enormity of drinking his coffee out of a gold cup? Is his so-called "endless melody" not an endless bore without any melody? This is what Dr. Engel allows himself to say of the "Nibelungen Ring":—

"I myself have studied the music, the orchestral score of the four operas, which weighs two tons. I have read fifty-two volumes referring to the subject and its origin. I have heard it in Bayreuth when the house was so dark that you could read nothing, and I have twice heard a whole cycle here in London with the score continually before my eyes. So I hope now I have a right to speak out my mind and to say: A more shocking assemblage of crimes, both uninteresting and unnecessary—a more torturing assemblage of diminished sevenths, enharmonies, forced modulations, unnatural intervals, unsingable recitatives, monotonous, interminable, endless bores of conversations, by the side of an undoubtedly most powerful, genial treatment of the orchestra, I have never heard, and never hope to hear again. Like a drop of water in the desert came in some rare moments, not half a dozen in four evenings; of these Wagner makes the utmost, but for our emaciated skeletons this drop of water is no help, no reward, no succour, during the despair of these seventeen hours."

Surely the most extreme of ultra-Wagnerians never gave provocation for so terrific an onslaught. We will charitably suppose that Dr. Engel is too witty to be serious.

Berlioz, Chopin, Schumann, Thalberg.

The autobiography of Berlioz has left little for any one else to tell; but Dr. Engel's sketch is well executed. In the sketch of Chopin, special prominence is given to his relations with Georges Sand; in that of Schumann to his work as a critic. Dr. Engel appears to have been intimate with Thalberg, but there is really little of interest in the life of that somewhat colourless person. He certainly had a fine *legato* touch, attributed to the formation of the tips of his fingers, which are compared to little cushions. When Dr. Engel went to visit Thalberg in his retirement by the Bay of Naples, he found that there was no piano in the house!

Mario, Patti, Nilsson.

The pictures of the singers are drawn to the life. Mario is brought clearly before us with his happy-go-lucky carelessness and his want of punctuality. Curiously, easy-going though he was, Mario never surmounted the feeling of nervousness on the boards. He smoked up to the moment when he was due on the stage, and his servant always stood in the wings to receive his burning cigar. Was this cause and effect?

Dr. Engel is nothing if not polite to the ladies, and he has evidently won the good graces both of Patti and Nilsson. How young Adelina appeared in "La Traviata" at New Orleans when she was so little that the other members of the company refused to rehearse with her, how baby Christine toddled with her brother to the fair of Wexio, and came back with 9d., the proceeds of her first concert, we must leave the reader to find out from Dr. Engel's sparkling pages. The ladies will find a full catalogue of the presents stored in the Castle of Patti at Craig-y-Nos and the mansion of Nilsson at South Kensington. And it is to the ladies that Dr. Engel's book can be most confidently recommended. He is continually saying nice things about ladies and to ladies, and we fancy they may find Dr. Engel as interesting himself as the distinguished personages whom he describes.

Music in the Land of Fogo.

By FÉLIX REMO.

—:o:—

AMATEUR COMPOSERS.

AMATEUR musical composition is, perhaps, one of the most noteworthy forms in which the vanity of the world manifests itself. Notwithstanding the incompleteness of their studies—notwithstanding, too, their ignorance of the *solfeggio* and of harmony—the number of amateur composers is legion. It is true that many persons accept a reminiscence for an idea; some accidental thrumming on the keyboard are unquestionably believed by them to be an inspiration, while a paltry little tune, quavered mechanically, appears to them in the light of a divine revelation. In circumstances like these, ambition does not lag far behind to give the impelling force necessary to enrol them in the noble army of composers.

There are others again who, endowed with natural talent, know enough of music to be able to write it themselves. There is another class, however, who mutually assist each other, some playing, some trilling their lucubrations, which a musician touches up by adding the necessary element of melody in the form of the indispensable accompaniment. So long as a musician of this class confines his efforts to administering to his own

amusement, or to making an effective display in the eyes of his friends, the effort may be admitted as a very praiseworthy one, encouraging as it necessarily does the interest which these people feel in music.

But when, on the other hand, the amateur enters the lists in opposition to the regular musician, and tries (which is very frequently the case) to earn money by his works, one is justified in stigmatizing it as a disloyal competition on the part of persons who have not poverty to plead as an excuse for their conduct, and which at the same time inflicts a cruel wrong on those who have to earn their bread by this means alone.

Not only do amateurs fill a place which professional musicians would of necessity occupy, but they absorb at the same time the money which would otherwise go in reward of the musician's services. It is in reality another form of invasion. The profession of musician at the present time is for the most part completely overrun by amateurs who not only retard the progress of the art by entering into competition with the recognized professional element, but they intensify the severity of the struggle for existence on the part of the latter. Besides, it must be frankly stated that as a general rule the amateur occupies himself much less with the worth of the music than with the desire to shine among his own set. On the other hand, the real musician devotes himself to his art in the hope of earning at least a bare subsistence.

I shall not speak here of the composers who palm off on the public as their own work compositions which others write for them. I shall content myself by simply mentioning a few names of amateurs who really compose their own music.

At the head of the list comes the name of Lady Arthur Hill—a lady of talent, who has won a large share of popular esteem. Her romance, "In the Meadows," has gone the round of all the concerts, the crowning honour being reserved for it in the form of patronage bestowed by the street organ and the perambulating orchestras. Among her numerous compositions should be mentioned an operetta, entitled "The Flower Girl," written on a theme adapted from the French by the Marquis of Downshire, and played at St. George's Hall.

Another charming composer is Miss Rosalind Elicott, daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. She has written some very good work and is an excellent musician.

Miss Hope Temple writes pretty sentimental pieces, and Miss Louisa Vance (who leads a choral society at her own house) is equally well known for her compositions. Miss Frances A. Reed writes very pretty dance music and plays very well on the piano. Miss Alice Sheppard and Miss Alice Cox compose romances and piano pieces, and the name of Lady Baker (Minima) is connected with the composition of attractively written romances. The brilliant Virginia Gabriel and Mme. Barnard (Claribel) are equally well known as composers. The Countess of Munster, who is the author of a good deal of music, has recently composed a bridal march by order of the Queen for the marriage of Princess Beatrice. I ought also to mention the names of Mesdames Owen Lewis, Moncrief, Redmond, Scobell, L. M. Blagden, Agnes Reade, Lady White, the Hon. Mrs. Malone, and Miss El. Kingston.

Mme. Bristow has composed a very pretty march, which has been played at Ladbroke Hall, some sacred music as well as some dances. Mme. Colquhoun has written an operetta in three acts, entitled "The Jacobite." It was played originally at her own house, but was subsequently put on the stage of a fashionable dramatic club. A second operetta is in the course of being composed; it will make its appearance in a manner similar to the first. She is also the author of numerous romances and of pretty good novels, which appear, like her music, under the name of "Theo. Kennedy." Altogether she is an exceedingly artistic lady, who includes among her accomplishments a remarkable aptitude for sketching.

I have previously mentioned that the Prince Consort composed some sacred music, and that several other members of the Royal Family were musical composers. Among them may be mentioned Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Albany.

Among male composers I should mention M. Depret, a retired Belgian singer, related to the Rothschild family. He is the author of a Mass played at Brussels. M. H. de Windt composes pretty romances, and Mr. Elliott Kent some patriotic songs. I should also mention Mr. Arthur Champann, Mr. de Valmency, the Earl of Dunraven, Major John Gollop, Col. Douglas (who is the leader of an amateur orchestra), Mr. A. Scott Gatty, E. Gracia, and M. Batson. The majority of these gentlemen are true musicians.

Special mention is due to the Rev. Mr. Haweis, and to Canon Harford, a modest composer of high ability. Among the English clergymen there are a very large number of excellent musicians.

Mr. Herbert Baines (for whom Mrs. M. A. Baines has composed some charming songs) writes very good music, and Mr. Norfolk Megone, the leader of an amateur orchestra, is the author of some exquisite waltzes.

The most skilful and the most amusing of all, however, is M. Gardom. He is the possessor of a style which is unique, and writes long parodies in verse which are masterpieces of good-humour, originality, wit and point. They provoke an incessant ripple of laughter, and invariably rescue from dulness the most doubtful of evening musical entertainments. He is in addition a consummate actor, and I do not hesitate to say that he and the inimitable Mr. Nokes are perhaps the two best amateurs in London. The last-named gentleman in his leisure hours has made an excellent translation in verse of the works of Corneille. This of itself is an honour.

AMATEUR ORCHESTRAS.

The vast number of amateur orchestras which are scattered over England, generally include within their ranks a number of young performers of superior ability, who find their way in the course of time into professional orchestras. The music turned out by many of these amateur orchestras is very good, but there are other amateur bodies who do not scruple, as the result of their combined efforts, to torture the public ear by something approaching perilously near a rude clatter. The great fault to be found with bodies of musicians of this description is, that they do not rehearse sufficiently, nor with sufficient strictness. Something, indeed, would be gained if they studied their parts with tolerable completeness, especially when it is borne in mind that the leaders of amateur orchestras do not always possess the tact to choose only those musical compositions which are suitable to the general capacity of the orchestra as a whole. There is too great an eagerness on the part of the directors of these orchestras to come to close quarters at once with the works of Beethoven, when in many cases they have not yet learned to play a polka.

These orchestras, too, often take part in, and lend the finishing touch to, amateur dramatic representations. Unfortunately, however, many of the young but ambitious performers only present themselves on the days of representation, failing altogether to put in an appearance during the rehearsals. In these circumstances, how can it be expected that they should be able to form a good or complete piece of work? Should you take them to task with some severity on this point, they will immediately bounce off and go elsewhere. There is a lack of sufficient authority and control over these persons, and that is certainly one of the causes which hinder many of these orchestras from perfecting themselves. On the other hand, those societies which have embodied in their constitution some severe rules on this head, have attained results which are absolutely surprising.

Besides these good amateur orchestras, there are to be found orchestras composed of persons of a

highly artistic temperament, who have not the lightest idea of time, and who never really know, where they stand. The difficult passages of the composition are frequently rendered very obscurely. It often happens that the left wing of the orchestra is far ahead of the right wing. The reed instruments occasionally linger sadly behind, while the cornet may sometimes be detected strenuously endeavouring to overtake the flight of his more agile musical companions. A violinist who dreaded taking a share in these orchestras, one day said to me with a beaming countenance, in emerging from one of those contests I have described: "I have learned the trick. When a passage is difficult it is not at all necessary to play it; you can catch up the other performers a little farther on."

It must be thoroughly understood, however, that in these you have the worst examples. There are very many good and efficient amateurs, and the conductors are frequently musicians of high standing.

In any case, however, it will undoubtedly be acknowledged that as amateur orchestras constitute an excellent form of recreation they ought to be encouraged. Several orchestras of this class are to be met with in the highest aristocratic circles.

The principal orchestra which I shall mention is that of the Duke of Edinburgh, known by the name of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society. It is conducted by Mr. Mount.

This Society, which has been in existence for fourteen years, had originally two hundred members, under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan. This distinguished composer, however, soon grew weary of the work and his place was filled by Mr. G. Mount, who took prompt measures to reform the orchestra by dispensing with the services of more than a hundred inefficient. At present, members are only admitted after examination and upon payment of a small entrance fee. The Duke of Edinburgh plays the first violin. The members, who meet together every week, give a certain number of concerts at the Albert Hall.

Next comes the orchestra of lady amateurs, inaugurated by Viscountess Folkestone. It was founded in 1882. Ladies only are admitted as members, the majority of them belonging to aristocratic families. There has also been added to the orchestra a choral society, which is likewise feminine in its composition. I have been present at one of the concerts given by this orchestra at Prince's Hall. It was truly excellent. The Prince and Princess of Wales have warmly congratulated Lady Folkestone on the success of her efforts. It is of course well known that Lady Folkestone possesses one of the best and most charming music saloons in London.

The next in order, in my opinion, is the London Musical Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby.

"The Wandering Minstrels" represent the oldest amateur orchestra founded in London. It was started a short time after the Crimean War (in 1860), in the smoking-room of the Guards' Barracks at Windsor, under the direction of Sir Seymour Egerton, afterwards Earl of Wilton. This body of musicians were afterwards led for twenty years by Lord Fitzgerald, in his own house in Sloane Street. His lordship even erected a concert-hall, to seat from 400 to 500 persons. The orchestra was eventually given over to the charge of Mr. Lionel E. Benson. For a long time they were the best orchestra of their kind, but of recent years they have been surpassed by other musical bodies similarly constituted. The "Minstrels" are a very exclusive body, and it is a difficult matter to gain admission as a member. All the members belong to the highest society. It embraces 48 performers, among whom may be mentioned the Hon. E. Thesiger, General Cracroft (first violins), Lord Gerald Fitzgerald (violincello), Lord Chelmsford (clarinet), and Sir Henry de Bathe (big drum). They were the first to start what are known as smoking concerts. The charity concerts promoted under their auspices in the various towns of

England, have yielded no less a sum than £15,000 for the benefit of the unfortunate.

Another orchestra which might have been added to the list was that of M. Dando, an enthusiastic lover of music. Unhappily, it has now ceased to exist. M. Dando, having reached a ripe old age, has given up the work, but not without leaving behind him in the course of his long and brilliant career the most agreeable recollections in the memories of those privileged to possess his acquaintance. M. Dando was the first musician to introduce quartettes to the notice of Londoners.

I should also like to mention the Amateur Philharmonic Society, which meets at the Eyre Arms, under the leadership of Mr. Mount; the orchestras of the Earl of Dunraven, of Oxford and Cambridge, and of the Euterpians, which was founded two years ago and is conducted by Colonel Douglas. This gentleman withdrew from the army some years ago in order to devote himself entirely to music, which he has studied with Macfarren. This Society numbers 40 members; a General plays the cornet.

I have mentioned the foregoing orchestras as being worthy of notice, not only on account of their position and the ability of those who lead them, but also on account of their outstanding merit as a whole. There are a multitude of other orchestras scattered over London. They are all conducted with great ability, but space forbids that their names should be catalogued here.

(To be continued.)

The Succentor's Dilemma.

By JAMES WALTER BROWN,
Author of "A Modern Troubadour," &c.

I.

It was a blazing hot afternoon in July, and the cathedral close of Caerminster lay basking in a state of drowsiness even beyond its wont. The very rooks, perched on the ancient elms along the west front, seemed too lazy to caw, and the only sounds to be heard were the intermittent drone of a bee, which, undeterred by blaze or heat, industriously pursued its honey-gathering quest among the roses in the deanery garden, and the distant hum of voices in the cathedral. Inside that edifice the same soporific influence held sway; the choir perfumorily chanted its oft-repeated services, while a congregation of six or seven old ladies dozed comfortably in the square-backed pews, and the portly verger, his dew-lapped chin peacefully reposing on the knob of his silver mace, nodded in company.

The succentor was intoning the prayers this afternoon, and it might have been suspected that he too had succumbed to the prevailing spirit of slumber; for once over, he stumbled in his reading, making so awkward a pause as to rouse even the dean, "good easy man," kneeling on his pile of soft cushions; but the break was slight, and the service glided smoothly along in its accustomed channel.

If, however, any one had attentively observed the succentor at the time of this trifling hitch, and afterwards, they would have seen that it was not attributable to his drowsy surroundings; indeed, he appeared more like one who had been suddenly awakened from a pleasant dream to find himself face to face with a disagreeable reality. The usually ruddy hue of his countenance was changed to pallor, and big drops of sweat on his forehead bore witness to an agitation so deep that only a strong effort of will enabled him to continue his duties.

And yet it was a seemingly trivial circumstance that caused all this perturbation. At the end of Caerminster choir stalls there is an open screen of carved oakwork, shielded by glass, dividing the choir from its northern aisle, and it was a casual

glance in this direction that had so upset the succentor's equanimity. It was only a woman's face that he saw there, peering through the screen; a pale, oval face, with large grey eyes, which met his own without a ray of recognition, and he had merely a glimpse of it. Indeed, so fleeting was the apparition that he would fain have believed himself to be the victim of an illusion; but it was too real, and the memories it awoke were too bitter, for him to entertain such a thought. And then there flashed upon him so vivid a sense of the consequences which this appearance involved, that the utmost strength of purpose was required to enable him to go on with the service. Still, when that came to an end, and he walked mechanically to the vestry, he hardly knew whether the change was a relief or the contrary.

The dean happened to be in a remarkably good humour this afternoon, and jocularly twitted his subordinate on the mishap; but noticing the succentor's unwonted paleness he changed his tone, and kindly remarked—

"Why, Boyce, how ill you look! Dear, dear! I thought it was merely the drowsy day that was affecting you. What is the matter?"

"Oh! thank you, Mr. Dean; it is nothing," was the reply. "The heat has made me feel faint, that is all. I shall be all right presently."

"There! there! sit down and rest awhile, my dear fellow!" said the dean. "Or, better still, come into the deanery and have a glass of wine."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Dean," replied the succentor, "but I have some pressing business to attend to. Indeed, I was just going to mention that it may necessitate my running up to town for a few days, if you will kindly grant me leave of absence. I shall arrange with Mr. West about the services."

"Certainly, by all means," was the answer. "You are sure you feel better? Good day—good day; we old fellows are tougher than you young ones yet, I see. Good day—good day!" And so saying, the dean took his departure.

Relieved from the presence of his superior, the succentor sat for some minutes in deep thought; then rousing himself, he took his hat and passed into the transept, where the assistant verger was waiting his departure before closing the doors for the day.

"It is oppressively warm to-day, Baker," remarked the succentor to this official. "I suppose that accounts for the poor congregation this afternoon." And then he added, apparently as an after-thought, "By the way, were there any strangers here?"

"No, sir," replied Baker, "leastways not as I saw."

"I thought I observed some in the aisle during service," rejoined Mr. Boyce; "but I may have been mistaken."

"Didn't see 'em, sir," returned Baker, "and I were in the transept all the time; but it is so powerful 'ot that I did drop off before the anthem, and they may have come in then."

Once out of the cathedral, Mr. Boyce hurried away to his rooms in the cloisters, there to cogitate undisturbed upon the new position in which he found himself; and even in that short walk he several times caught himself looking round in search of the face which haunted his thoughts—half dreading, yet half hoping to see it, so that he might have something tangible to deal with instead of this torturing mystery. When he reached his bachelor den, he changed his clerical outer garb for a loose shooting-jacket, took down a well-seasoned meerschaum pipe from among a dozen others that hung in a rack over the mantel-shelf, and, wheeling an easy-chair to the open window, was soon enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke, and lost in a train of bitter memories and present perplexities.

II.

The difficulty in which the Reverend Stephen Boyce, M.A., Oxon., and succentor of Caerminster, now found himself was without doubt such as to give him cause for very serious thought. Some

seven or eight years before, at the time when his college career was drawing to a close, he had casually made the acquaintance of a widow lady and her daughter, who had then lately come to live in Oxford. This friendship quickly ripened into a warmer affection between the impressionable undergraduate and the pretty—though rather insipid and giddy—Kate Newton; a state of affairs which was hastened to a climax when the sudden death of her mother left the latter a friendless orphan. Pity and love combined to precipitate their marriage; which, from motives of a personal and pecuniary nature, Boyce deemed it prudent to hide for a while from his family.

Short time sufficed to prove that the union thus clandestinely made was an ill-assorted one; the frivolities of his wife—to call them by no harsher name—giving Boyce deep concern. Remonstrances were received by her in pettish sullenness; and finally his short-lived dream of happiness was ended by her elopement with an adventurer who had insinuated himself into her society. After an anxious and unremitting search, Boyce was constrained to relinquish the quest for his erring wife in despair; and as the fact of their marriage was not known to his friends, he resolved to bury the whole miserable business in his own breast, and await the course of events.

It had been Boyce's intention on leaving Oxford to study for the Bar; but financial reverses which befell his family at this time altered his plans, and resulted in his taking Orders. Music had always been a passion with him, and being gifted with a good voice, he applied for and obtained the vacant succentorship of Caerminster, a post which he had now held for six years.

About twelve months after going to reside at Caerminster, he was relieved from his state of painful uncertainty touching the fate of his wife by receiving a letter from her, purporting to be written on her deathbed; in which, after imploring his forgiveness, she continued—

"The doctor tells me I can only hope to live a week longer—he calls it *hope*! Oh! Stephen, Stephen—if I could but have you beside me for one short minute, to hear you say, 'Kate; I forgive you!' I should be able to face death more bravely. But I have brought enough pain upon you without that, and so I shall die *alone*! The good woman in whose care I am has promised to post this letter after I have passed away, and not till then; so when you read these lines you may be assured that she who has been the blight of your life, is so no longer. Good-by! and oh! Stephen, forgive me!—KATE."

This letter bore the postmark of a densely populated district in London, but unfortunately, either by design or from oversight, it gave no clue to the address from which it had been penned. Consequently, when Boyce recovered from the shock caused by its perusal, he found himself in the anomalous position of being a widower, without legal proof of his wife's death; a condition from which the most diligent search failed to release him.

Years fled by, and time gradually toned down these bitter memories of the past, until they now seemed to have been only an ugly dream. This result was no doubt largely due to the fact that Boyce had again found his fate, having fallen head-over-heels in love with a certain Miss Blanche Eden, whose father was the leading physician in Caerminster. Not only so, but the tender feeling was reciprocated; and hitherto the course of love had run so smoothly, that only one short month lay between the happy pair and their wedding-day.

From a foolish weakness with which he daily upbraided himself, but which he could not throw aside—or perhaps from a morbid dislike to open out old sores—Boyce had not yet told either Dr. Eden or his daughter about his former marriage; a delinquency which in his present dilemma he bitterly regretted. For with what grace could he now tell his fiancée that he had to-day seen the woman, who before the law was still his legally wedded wife? Of course he knew that his legal

position was a secure one, but that did not improve matters as they existed between him and his promised bride; and although he could acquit himself of any greater dereliction than a weak procrastination, he felt that his conduct was open to a much worse construction.

That it was his wife's face which he had seen he could entertain no doubt—not, indeed, the merry, laughing face he had known long ago, but chastened and grave, as though transfigured by years of trouble. Yet, this being so, what was the meaning of that letter, in the good faith of which he had implicitly believed, and so had felt free to win the affections of one who was now to him the dearest object in all the world? He could not believe that the letter had been written with an intention to deceive; its simple pathos was too natural to have been simulated. So, after long and earnest meditation, he came to the conclusion that its writer, on recovering from what at the time had seemed a hopeless illness, had been tempted to use it as a "pious fraud," to free him from the tie which still bound them together. In any one else, this would have seemed a criminal as well as a foolish act; but his wife's shallowness of mind was such, that the possible serious consequences would probably never occur to her.

No sooner, however, had Boyce settled matters thus in his own mind than, with that perverseness of human nature which tempts one to disbelieve painful truths, he struck out in another line. Had he not been mistaken in thinking he had seen his wife's face? Might he not have been the victim of one of those optical illusions of which he had read? At any rate, he resolved to run up to London forthwith, and make one more effort to discover the truth; with which object in view he set off at once to ask his brother minor canon, Mr. West, to undertake his duties until his return.

This done, he sauntered up street to the railway station, all the while keeping a sharp look-out for the familiar face that so haunted his thoughts. But he did not see it again; and having gathered by questioning one or two of the lay-vicars who came in his way that no one but himself had seen strangers present that afternoon, he began to feel more assured that the hallucination theory was the correct one.

III.

MR. BOYCE'S second search for evidence of his wife's death bore promise of greater success than the previous one, and tended to confirm him in the idea that his imagination had been playing tricks with him. For after a laborious investigation at Somerset House of the records of deaths in the district where her last letter had been posted, he at length found an entry recording the death of one "Katharine Newton," the date of which exactly corresponded with that of his wife's supposed decease. He accordingly lost no time in inquiring at the address given, and had no difficulty in finding the house; but its present occupier knew nothing of the "Martha Hicks, lodging-house keeper," by whom the death had been registered, and he was once more brought to a standstill. As a last resource, he next sought for the doctor who had signed the certificate, but again without good effect; for that gentleman had left England some three years before, and gone to reside in New Zealand.

Yet, though thus baffled, when Mr. Boyce took his seat in the railway train on his return journey, and calmly surveyed the result of his investigations, he was inclined to consider it decidedly satisfactory; and so he entered Caerminster in a much happier frame of mind than when he left it. He was now resolved to lose no more time in making a clean breast of his secret; and having thus decided, felt that half of his difficulty was over.

It being late in the evening when he reached Caerminster, he delayed calling at Dr. Eden's until the following day. This happened to be Friday, and the portion of duty that fell to the succoror's share that morning was the Litany. Judge what was his surprise, on taking his place

at the Litany-desk, to see, kneeling in a recess beyond the Bishop's throne, the very individual whose face had haunted him like a spectre for the past week!

She glanced up from her book for a moment, during the pause, and their eyes met; but he saw nothing of confusion, or even of recognition, in her countenance; and, to complicate affairs, he observed that she was accompanied by a gentleman. This was bringing matters to a head with a vengeance, and once more it required all the succoror's concentration of will to go on with his duties. Over and over again, during the progress of the service, his gaze was drawn, by a strange fascination, to the familiar face, which was not, however, again turned in his direction.

Puzzled beyond measure at this latest development of affairs, Boyce was leaving the cathedral by the west door, when the problem solved itself, in a manner alike startling and unexpected; for outside the door, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman whom he now recognized as one of his set at Oxford, and apparently awaiting his coming out, stood the lady whom he had seen in church. And before he had time to think what this might mean, his old friend stepped forward, and seizing him by the hand, exclaimed—

"Why, Boyce, old man! how are you? Who would ever have thought of your being in this dead-and-alive hole? But, I say, first of all furbish up one of your pretty speeches, and allow me to introduce to you—my wife! Kate, dear, this is my closest college friend, Mr. Boyce."

The last-named individual mechanically raised his hat, and stammered out some congratulatory words; but the strangeness of his looks arrested the attention of his friend Dacre, who turned to his wife, and remarked—

"Perhaps you have met Mr. Boyce before, Kate?"

"No; I do not remember having had that pleasure," she replied, smiling, "although my memory may be at fault. Is it so, Mr. Boyce?"

"Really, I—I—cannot say!" ejaculated Boyce. "Certainly your face seems strangely familiar to me."

And thereupon the little party sauntered into the close.

"How long have you been in orders, Boyce?" asked Dacre. "I have been abroad with my regiment for the last half-dozen years, so somehow we have lost sight of each other. I thought you had been in training for the woollack."

"I had thoughts in that direction," was the reply. "I changed my mind, though, and have been fixed here for six years. However, I expect to be out of this soon; I am first on the list for the next 'Chapter' living, and Heavyside of Oakfield talks of resigning before long. The fact is, on the strength of my chance of Oakfield I am about to follow your example, and get married;" and here Boyce attentively regarded his friend's wife.

But that lady's pretty face was as composed as ever; and looking innocently up at the succoror, she remarked—

"Oh! I am glad you are so wise, Mr. Boyce. Does the young lady live in Caerminster? I hope to have the pleasure of meeting her before we leave."

"Well!" thought Boyce, "I certainly am dreaming. I thought I was when I saw her in church, and now I am sure of it." But he felt constrained to reply—

"Yes; Miss Eden lives close by. Are you making any stay here, Dacre?"

"Only a week or so," was the answer. "My leave expires in ten days, but my uncle Dick—Colonel Fothergill, I daresay you will know him—insisted on our paying him a visit, otherwise we should have remained all our time among the Lakes. Kate is passionately fond of the Lake country."

A desultory conversation followed; and after Boyce had obtained a promise that his friend Dacre would visit him in the evening, to have a chat about old times, they parted.

This unlooked-for encounter upset all the succoror's plans, causing him again to postpone his purposed explanation; and he awaited with impatience the arrival of his guest, from whom he anticipated getting some solution of the mystery that so troubled him. Accordingly, when they met and were blowing a cloud of the delectable weed over a bottle of claret, Boyce opened the ground by saying—

"By the way, Jack, you have not told me who your fair captor is."

"Oh! by Jove, no; what an oversight!" replied Dacre. "Her name was Newton—Kate Newton. Do you know, when I introduced you this morning I thought you looked as if you had met before? Perhaps you may; her father is one of the Warwickshire Newtons—has a place near Leamington. You used to hunt down there, if I am not mistaken."

Boyce took his pipe from his lips, and looked at his friend in blank amazement.

"Had he a brother in the army—a Captain Hugh Newton—do you know?"

"He had," was the answer; and a precious scoundrel he was, by all accounts. The two were at daggers-drawn for years. Why? did you know him?"

"Whew!" ejaculated Boyce. "Now I begin to see daylight. What was their quarrel about?"

"Well, it was an ugly business, certainly; and I am not supposed to know anything about it. The long and the short of it is, they married sisters—twin sisters, if I mistake not—who were co-heiresses; and Hugh Newton, who was a gambler, and a knave to boot, managed not only to run through his wife's share of the spoil, but to swindle her sister out of the greater part of hers as well. My wife can barely remember her mother, who died when Kate was quite a child; but her father never forgave his brother's villany, and they never met afterwards."

"One more question, Dacre," said Boyce, "and then I will explain to you that my inquiries are not made from idle curiosity—Hugh Newton had a daughter; do you know what became of her?"

"Only that she died in London some years ago, under a cloud; I never could quite make out what it meant. I happened to be on a visit at the Hermitage when Mr. Newton was telegraphed for, and went to London to attend her funeral; and I gathered there was something shady about the business, so I asked no questions."

Boyce now explained the depth of his interest in the story he had just heard. It seemed clear that the anxiety he had suffered for a week past had arisen from the striking resemblance between the two cousins; a likeness which was not very surprising, considering all the circumstances of their birth. His first phantom-like glimpse of Mrs. Dacre had been on an occasion when she and her husband, not having time to remain until the close of the service, had gone no further than the aisle; an accident which, while causing Boyce pain and temporary inconvenience, led to the effectual clearing up of the mystery which had hung round his wife's decease. For although Mr. Newton could cast no further light on the events which had preceded that occurrence—indeed, the very fact of her marriage had been kept secret from him—he was able to identify the certificate of her death which Boyce had obtained.

It may easily be supposed that the latter gentleman dallied no longer before acquainting his bride-elect and her father with his previous marriage; a disclosure which elicited more sympathy towards him, than censure of his procrastination. The projected wedding took place in due course, and as Mr. Heavyside shortly afterwards left Oakfield for a more lucrative family living, Stephen Boyce soon obtained his expected promotion—in which new sphere Mrs. Boyce performs the duties of rector's wife so admirably that there can be no doubt her husband has at last met with that priceless boon, "a help meet for him."

Literature of Music.

"English Glees and Part-Songs. An Inquiry into their Historical Development." By W. A. Barrett, M.B. Oxon, Vicar-Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral. Longmans, Green & Co.

This book is so good that it is a pity it is not better. Originally delivered in the form of lectures at the London Institution, the work is now reproduced in book form, but apparently without the re-casting that under such circumstances is always to be desired. There is a certain diffuseness and leisurely elaboration of explanation, most useful and indeed necessary in spoken lectures, which is found to be quite out of place and not a little wearisome when repeated on the printed page. It is therefore, as we have said, a pity that Mr. Barrett has not taken the trouble to re-write this book, and so avoid repetitions,—such as that of the story of Pelham Humfrey and his "four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row," which, after being given on page 61, appears again almost *verbatim* on page 138. Also, such re-casting would have prevented the rather curious arrangement by which the definitions of Madrigal and Glee are not to be found in the body of the book at all, but by a kind of afterthought appear to have been hastily thrown into the preface.

The subject of the work is a most interesting one, and one that Englishmen may well feel a special pride in. As the author says: "This examination (of the history of the Glee) should possess a peculiar interest for English students in music, inasmuch as it is distinctly native. English musicians alone have produced, and English singers alone can perform, it properly." The same cannot quite be said of the Madrigal, though in that we can more than hold our own with other nations. In a book by Geraldus Cambrensis, written about 1185, it is said: "The Britons do not sing their tunes in unison like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts, so that when a company of singers meet to sing, as is usual in this country, as many different parts are heard as there are singers, who finally unite in consonance and organic melody."

Mr. Barrett gives a careful sketch of the gradual steps by which the present system of notation was arrived at. First came the "neumes," which were simply marks over the words indicating a rise or fall of the voice. Then two lines were added, making the relative rise and fall more easily discernible. "Afterwards these lines were coloured, and according to the colour a certain definite pitch was understood. Thus red stood for F, and all melodies with a red line began and ended on that note. Yellow stood for C as the tonic." Then Huebald, a monk of Flanders, employed a ladder to show the relative position of the notes, and in this way the stave was invented.

The order of gleemen or musicians among the Saxons, and indeed almost up to the time of Queen Elizabeth, was a generally recognized one—indeed, something like a profession at the present day. We read:

"They were banded together for mutual protection and support; they knew each other by private signals and the use of a peculiar language; the privileges they enjoyed and the favour with which they were always welcomed inflated their pride and made them insolent and exacting; they entered the houses of the nobility unbidden, and were generally handsomely rewarded for their pains. At last they claimed their reward by a prescriptive right, and settled the amount to which each member was entitled according to his abilities."

It is little wonder that in Queen Elizabeth's reign the minstrels and gleemen had become so disreputable that they were included among the rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars against whom the well-known statute was passed.

The Madrigal is not an exclusively English production. Indeed, it was cultivated in the Nether-

lands and Italy before its importation into this country. Josquin des Prés, a Netherlander, born about 1450, was the first known writer of these. Then a number of Flemish musicians, visiting Italy, appear to have made the composition of Madrigals fashionable there; and when Madrigals were introduced into this country, the first publication, showing its Italian origin, was "Musica Transalpina," in 1588. It need hardly be said how soon the great composers of Queen Elizabeth's time added a new glory to this form of art. By the way, the name of John Milton, father of the poet, is to be found among the composers of one collection.

Glees are often confounded with part-songs, but the genuine old glees are of a type apart, and together with anthems may be said to be the only form of music of which this country has had the monopoly. One author thus defines (in his preface) the Madrigal and the Glee:

"The madrigal may be said to consist of a series (few or many, according to the nature of the theme) of conversational phrases, or of passages in imitation, one part answering another, and interwoven, so as to form harmony, the whole consisting of one movement. It may be sung by any number of voices to a part, but without instrumental accompaniment. . . . The glee should be constructed in several movements, according to the fancy of the composer and the meaning of the words, but should have not less than two of contrasted character. It should not be sung by more than one voice to a part, and should be capable of a great amount of expression."

The biographical notices of the Glee and Madrigal composers from the time of Charles II. downwards, given by Mr. Barrett, will be read with great pleasure by all interested in the subject. This study is somewhat of an antiquarian one. Composers nowadays prefer, whether rightly or wrongly we will not inquire, to work in forms that allow them freer scope for their ideas, without the rigid restraints of forms that their brethren of olden days seemed to have delighted in imposing upon themselves. The change is not one of unmixed good, and many a time listening to our modern incoherencies the amateur thinks with a sigh of Dowland, Gibbons, Morley, Webbe, and so many others, and wishes for the sweet and dainty grace, the perfect form, the beauty—genuine if often conventional—that mark this vocal music of our forefathers.

The Guildhall School of Music.

ON January 10, the new Guildhall School of Music, on the Thames Embankment, for the first time opened its doors to its 2500 students, and all is in readiness for the stirring business of that which is now by far the largest academy of music in the world. During the past few weeks the examinations of new pupils have been actively proceeded with. These are merely pass tests, and are conducted in very practical fashion. The principal, Mr. Weist Hill, sits in a throne-like chair, and the student is introduced. The piano is so placed that the new comer's back is turned to the examiner, for time is an object, and a nervous beginner is apt to waste many precious minutes. It is soon perceived to what grade the pupil should belong, and she is then allowed to select her own master, should he have vacancies on his list. The payment is according to grade, and it ranges from £33 per year to less than half-a-crown a lesson. The preliminaries are soon settled, and away goes the pupil to the cashier's department, while another student is introduced. There is a wide field of choice of masters, for the Guildhall School boasts no fewer than 113 eminent professors, including thirty singing and forty-two pianoforte teachers. Some of these are ladies; but it is found that the pupils express a strong preference for male professors. Each teacher gets the whole of the money paid by the pupil, save 5 per cent., which he contributes to the establishment charges. As besides the use of class rooms, the officials practically keep the teacher's book, make his engagements, collect his fees, and take every trouble off his hands, the discount would appear to be trifling enough. Instruction is given in fifty class rooms all pretty much after one pattern. Singing teachers have in each room an upright piano; while pianoforte professors have a grand, and in most cases also a pianette for "concerted music." In each class room there are also a floor cloth, drugged, six chairs, a clock, and so forth, besides a portrait of an eminent composer. In order to avoid the babel of sounds which in the old Aldermanbury building recalled the ballad of the pipers at the wedding of Shon Maclean, who "Each on his own strain blew," there is now a foot of solid concrete between each class room. Double doors shut off the noise from the corridors, and each door is made almost wholly of glass, partly as a protection to the professors against hysterical girls, partly to reassure naturally anxious parents. In the practice room, which is really a concert hall almost entirely filled by the band, the orchestra has been built upon a principle suggested by Mr. Weist Hill. The steps are more than usually steep, so that each young performer is well under the eye of the conductor. A library, organ room, harmony rooms, professors' rooms and other conveniences complete the building, which is designed less for show than for honest hard work. Doubtless the ideal School of Music should also boast a concert-hall and a large organ. But space and money were both matters to be considered, and as from first to last the Corporation have granted nearly £45000 to the Guildhall School, it was rightly deemed unwise to be unduly exacting. Indeed there is a very general feeling that the Guildhall School should now, as far as possible, be made self-supporting. The £2000 a year given by the Corporation is necessarily all swallowed up by the ground-rent of £1100, the rates and taxes, gas, fuel, &c. The last item is just now a rather serious one, as the consumption of coals is at the rate of nearly a ton per die. For the rest, it is considered that the School should pay its own way, including all the establishment charges, salaries, wages, and so forth. In furtherance of this object the professors have recently agreed to a discount of 5 per cent., and as the fees paid to teachers amount in the aggregate to nearly £30000 a year, the percentage, which presses hardly upon nobody, affords a tolerable income. But something more will undoubtedly be required, and it is probable that this will best be met by a slight increase in the amounts paid by students, especially in the lower and middle grades. At present two lessons weekly are given respectively in a first and second study (say, singing and accompaniment) at a charge in the lower grade of about 2s. 1d., and in the medium grade of about 2s. 8d. per lesson of twenty minutes. A slight increase on these rates would not be felt by individuals, but the gross total would help to make the School self-supporting; while any enhanced generosity on the part of the Corporation or the great City companies might be more usefully employed in founding further scholarships (there are already about twenty-five) to assist talented but impecunious students. The matter will naturally be taken into serious consideration by the new Ward Committee—that is to say, by the party of business men who during the current year will constitute the Governing Body. The Guildhall School of Music was founded by the Corporation little more than six years ago, and its rise has therefore been brilliant and almost phenomenal. It may probably become the parent of other kindred institutions in various parts of the country; for already music schools, aided out of the rates, have been established at Watford and Cork, and minute inquiries as to the details and working of the Guildhall School have been made by musical enthusiasts from Manchester, Glasgow, and other provincial centres.

Accidentals.

AMROISE THOMAS is working vigorously at his new opera, "Circe."

MR. J. F. BARNETT is said to be engaged upon a new "Mass" for soloists, chorus, and orchestra.

HER RICHARD POHL will shortly publish a novel dealing with the present condition of musical art in Germany.

DR. STAINER has recently undergone an operation for cataract, which it is confidently hoped will be successful.

SIGNOR VERDI has selected the musical critic of the *Times* to write the English version of his new opera, "Otello."

THE popular tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd, is about to remove from Tulse Hill, and to take up his permanent residence at Brighton.

MR. GERARD F. COBB, whose compositions have often been favourably reviewed in these columns, has just taken the Prize offered by the "South London Musical Club," for the best setting for T.T.B.B. with free Pianoforte accompaniment of Thomas Heywood's well-known poem, "A Message to Phyllis." He has also been awarded one of the "Madrigal Society's" Prizes for a Six-Part Madrigal (S.S.A.T.T.B.), in company with that distinguished and much admired musician, Dr. Stainer. We intend to publish a song of Mr. Cobb's in our issue for May next.

MR. SIMS REEVES has undertaken a concert tour in Australia next winter. But whether he is able to fulfil the engagement or not will depend very much upon the state of the eminent tenor's health. Next winter Mr. Sims Reeves will be sixty-five, at which age even a robust man might reasonably hesitate to begin practically a new professional life in the antipodes.

THE principal festival of the year will be a festival for foreigners. With strange mental obliquity, the Norwich folks have gone to Italy for their novelties. Worcester will make amends with Mr. Cowen's oratorio "Ruth," and Huddersfield with an oratorio by Mr. Prout. Mr. Mackenzie will, it is supposed, rest for awhile, but Mr. Corder will be represented by his Norwegian opera. The past two years have been exceptionally rich in English works. More than one of these remains to be properly produced in London, and the foreign proclivities of Norwich will give an opportunity to our metropolitan choral societies next winter to pay the debt.

THE "National Eisteddfod of Wales," which will be held this year in London at the Albert Hall, will be upon a very elaborate scale. A large number of Welsh choirs will come to the metropolis, and it is hoped that several London choirs will also compete. Among the judges are Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. Randegger, and a majority of Welshmen. Indeed, it is only the fact of this majority which may deter London Choral associations from competing. The Welsh are known to be exceedingly jealous of the surpassing excellence of their choirs, and if the decisions do not go the right way, and there is any suspicion of favouritism, they are sadly apt to imitate (in Welsh) the behaviour of our army in Flanders.

LISZT'S will, which has been published in a German paper, runs as follows:—"I nominate as my universal heir the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein (née Ivanovska), and leave to her free will the examination and publication of my writings. I except only the sums deposited with the house of Rothschild in Paris, which I desire to be at once paid to my daughters Blandine Olivier and Cosima Bülow, they having hitherto only drawn the interest of said sums, which were my bridal gifts to the said daughters. I determine that my universal heir shall pay to my mother, in Paris, as long as she lives, the same sum she annually received from me. I beg the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein to execute my last will, and to deliver to my dear relations and friends such objects of my property as I have destined for them.—Weimar, 15th August, 1861.—FRANZ LISZT."

MR. F. CORDER'S opera "Nordisa" was produced by Mr. Carl Rosa at Liverpool on the 25th ult. Mr. Carl Rosa's London season at Drury Lane will commence on May 2, and will be of longer duration than that of the past year.

THE prospects of Italian opera are also somewhat brighter. Mr. J. H. Mapleson will have a season at popular prices at Covent Garden Theatre, commencing in March and terminating in May. No novelties will be attempted, but the aim will be to present standard operas with efficient ensembles. Signor Lago's second season will last from May to July.

AMONG the operatic possibilities are the production of Verdi's "Otello," with the cast now engaged for the Milan representations, and a series of special performances with Mme. Patti, but nothing definite respecting either of these has as yet been arranged.

A *Gaulois* reporter has interviewed Maurel, the singer, respecting Verdi's new Opera, "Otello." Verdi has invented several new instruments for the opera; one is made of copper, wood, and asses' skin, which will emit an "extraordinarily lugubrious and strange" note when Othello smothers Desdemona. He has also added a fifth string to his violins.

Among the funniest features of the new Guildhall School of Music are the class-room doors, which are all constructed almost entirely of glass.

AT the conclusion of her engagement at Niblo's, Mrs. Langtry, says the *New York Mirror*, became her own manageress, Mr. Gilmore's contract with her terminating then. She will play Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and a number of dates on her own account. It is not generally known that Mrs. Langtry is a shrewd and sensible business woman, quite competent to look after all the multifarious details of her own affairs. Next season she intends managing her tour herself from beginning to end.

MR. CORNEY GRAIN'S latest novelty—"O, that Boy!"—is singularly apropos and full of good-natured satire and graphic sketches of character. The musical portion thereof is of unusual excellence, and especially may be noted the Lowther Arcadian Toy Symphony. Some of the songs introduced in the course of a discourse on boys and their vagaries bid fair to become vastly popular. This accomplished entertainer possesses the by no means common art of giving the British public the right thing at the right time—and tune!

ITALY, though it has not just now many great composers to boast of, must still be looked upon as a musical nation; for the Milanese public, reinforced by enthusiastic amateurs from all parts of Italy, has bought up all the stalls for the first performance of "Otello" at 200 francs each, being at least four times what was ever paid in England even on the most interesting occasions. Such prices are not, however, by any means unprecedented at La Scala. At least as much was paid at the first representation in Italy of "Aida," and previously at the first representation in Italy of "La Forza del Destino," which, written at the request of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, had been originally brought out at St. Petersburg, even as "Aida," written at the request of the Khedive of Egypt, was originally brought out at Cairo.

MME. PATTI has been singing in Mexico. In regard to this engagement, Mr. Abbey took a very smart resolution. It will be recollected that some swindler had started an unauthorised subscription for the Patti concerts, and had decamped with several thousand pounds. Mr. Abbey at once decided not to give concerts at all in Mexico, but instead bona-fide opera on the stage. The costumes were therefore sent on for "Linda," "Barbiere," "Favorita," "Trovatore," "Faust," and "Semiramide." Confidence was thus restored; and the first day's bookings exceeded £8,000. An English paper in Mexico says: "Patti is as brown as a nut, as cheery as a bird, as lively as a cricket, and as full of melody as any first-class angel either side of the line."

THE idea that digestion is aided by music has penetrated to Brighton. At the Grand Hotel there, which has been crammed all Christmastide, a band has played during the *table à hôte* dinner, glee-singing has succeeded

it, and the evening has been wound up with a ball. These concessions of the management have been thoroughly appreciated by the visitors.

THE taste for concerts of a high class is on the increase. Such, at any rate, would seem to be the opinion of musical speculators. Accordingly, Messrs. Novello's Oratorio Concerts, started last year, have this year been followed by Mr. Henschel's Symphony Concerts, and both symphony concerts and oratorio concerts have done well. The taste of that portion of the nation which cares for music of a high class has turned from the opera-house to the concert-room. The London public seems unable to bear more than four weeks' representations of English opera—admirably as, under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa, these representations are given. That there is a public in the country for concerts of chamber-music is sufficiently shown by the continued popularity of Mr. Arthur Chappell's "Monday Populars." The last concert of this series will be the thousandth since the beginning of the first series of all; and on this interesting occasion it is expected that Mme. Schumann will play.

THE People's Concert Society merits a few special words. The directors of this useful institution do not believe that the taste of the working classes is limited to ditties sung by titled or notorious-loving amateurs. They have worthily disproved the time-dishonoured cant about the working classes not appreciating the best music. Four of their programmes are before me. They include such works as Brahms' pianoforte quartet in G minor, Mozart's pianoforte quartet in E flat and string quartet in G minor, Beethoven's pianoforte trio in B flat and quartet in C, and similar music of uncompromising severity. Among the artists are Messrs. Kornfeld, Brousil, Kummer, Albert, and many others. The concerts were crowded by working-men, some of whom paid a penny, while others treated themselves to reserved seats at sixpence. Choral concerts of a similarly high character would probably be even more popular, and it is hoped they will in due time be extended and multiplied. The ditty concerts for the working classes are, in short, played out, and if the recent appeals for funds be any criterion, they do not pay their way and are not wanted. But the good work done by the People's Concert Society merits the very warmest recognition and support. Their success has astonished even those who already hold a high opinion of the excellent taste of working-men.

THE annual conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians was held in the Municipal Buildings, Birmingham. Besides the usual routine work, papers were read upon "The Establishment of Provincial Musical Colleges," on "Musical Degrees," on "Teaching Music and Counterpoint," and other practical topics. In the discussion on the aids to musical art on Thursday, Dr. Arnold, Winchester, severely handled the deficiencies of musical criticism in the English press. Dr. Hiles, Manchester, said if our dukes and lords had done their duty to music, as German nobles had, England would be now predominant in orchestral as she was in vocal music. A resolution in favour of establishing provincial colleges of music, and of abolishing grants for music in schools where it is taught by ear only, were adopted. The conference ended with a banquet, at which Mr. F. H. Cowen took the chair.

MR. HENRI HEUGEL, who is a connoisseur of music, has just cleared up a point of some interest to the admirers of Bizet. The "Habanera" is founded on a melody which is not Bizet's own, and the printed score has a foot note confessing that the song in question is "imitated from a Spanish song." It appears that M. Heugel "spotted" the air, and when he spoke to Bizet about it the composer of "Carmen" explained that he had heard it hummed by a Spanish lady, who told him it was a national melody. Bizet was astonished when he was told it was note for note identical with "L'Areglio," a song by Yradier, the composer of the very popular "Ay ! chiquita."

IT is announced that the gold medal for pianoforte playing at the Royal College of Music has been awarded to Mr. Marmaduke Burton, a pupil of the eminent composer and pianist, Mr. John Francis Barnett.

IT is alleged that at the last performance of sacred music, attended by Dean Butler, in Gloucester Cathedral, 4,000 people were present. In festival times the Cathedral holds little more than half that number.

A VALUABLE contribution to the People's Palace for East London has just been made by Mr. T. Dyer Edwards, who has promised to provide the organ required for the Queen's Hall.

* * *

THE competition for the newly founded Liszt Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music will take place in April, the last day for receiving candidates' names being March 21. This scholarship will be open for competition to male and female candidates, natives of any country, between fourteen and twenty years of age, and will be awarded to the one who may be judged to evince the greatest merit in pianoforte playing or in composition. All candidates must pass an examination in general education before entering the musical contest. The holder will be entitled to three years' free instruction in the academy, and, after that, to a yearly sum to aid in the extension of his or her musical experience for two years on the Continent.

* * *

THE following are the principal deaths of the past year:—
—*English*: Mr. Joseph Maas, Mme. Lusan Pyne, Mme. Agnes Ross, Miss Martha Hawes (Mrs. J. D. Muest), Mr. Donald King, Mr. David Kennedy, and Mr. John Templeton, vocalists; Mr. Josiah Pittman, organist; Mr. Henry Jarrett, operat'c agent; Messrs. J. L. Hatton and Charles d'Albert, composers; Mr. David Hill, ex-President of the Sacred Harmonic Society; Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, amateur conductor; Mr. J. Stimpson, organist to the Birmingham Festival; Dr. E. T. Chipp, organist of Ely Cathedral; Mr. Charles F. Frye, organist; Messrs. Pitman and Frank Chappell, music publishers; Mr. Catchpole, horn player; Mr. Grosse, clarinet player; Mr. Sarl, one of the leaders of the Tonic Sol-fa movement; Professor Sullivan, of Cork. *Foreign*: Franz Liszt, Ponchielli, Carl Huber, Adolph Müller, Orlander, Josef Löwe, and Ludwig Schlösser, composers; Marie Heilbron, Salvi, Elena d'Angré, Louise Lingelli, Petit, Zichatscheck, and Emil Scaria, vocalists; Gustav Chotiquet, Wohlbrück, and Ernest David, critics; Edouard Grell and Leisitz, conductors; Von Hülsen, intendant of Berlin Opera, and Operti.

* * *

AGERMAN paper says, *apropos* of the resignation of Lord Randolph:—"The impression which the news has made in London, can only be compared to the panic which would be created by the resignation of the first tenor of a Court theatre, if no other tenor were to be found in the country. Lord Randolph was the idol and the Niemann of the Conservative Ministry, besides being its invaluable manager. He sang the part of Lohengrin, of Walther, and of Fra Diavolo; and as the leader of the Commons, looked after the distribution of parts and the business arrangements, in order that the Opposition theatre under Gladstone should have no chance."

* * *

WHEN Rossini was prostrate with his last illness, he asked his wife what was the difference between his watch and her. When she gave it up, he said, "My watch reminds me of the hours, you make me forget them." Witty and kind-hearted, too, up to the last!

* * *

THE following story is told of the great Braham, whose real name, it should be explained, was Abraham, and whose father, being short and stout, was nicknamed "Abey Punch":

Braham on one occasion was performing in an absurd *justiccia*, with Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Bland, Kelly and Jack Bannister. The scene represented the exterior of an old country inn. [Enter Braham with a bundle slung to a stick on his shoulder.] "I have been traversing this desolate country for days with no friend to cheer me?"—[Sits] "I am weary—yet no rest, no food, scarcely life. O Heaven, pity me! Shall I ever realize my hopes? [Knocks on the table]—What ho, there, house!—[Knocks again]—Will no one come?" [Enter Landlord] "I beg pardon, sir, but—[starts]—I know that face—[aside]. What can I do for you, sir?" BRAHAM: "Gracious Heaven! 'tis he—the voice—the look—the—the—[with calmness]—Yes; I want food." LANDLORD: "Tell me, what brings one so young as thou appearest to be, through this dangerous forest?" BRAHAM: "I will. For days, for months, oh! for years, I have been in search of my father." LANDLORD: "Your father!" BRAHAM: "Yes, my father. 'Tis strange—but that

voice—that look—that figure, tell me that *you* are my father." LANDLORD: "No, I tell thee, no. I am not thy father." BRAHAM: "Heaven protect me! Who, tell me, who is my father?" Scarcely had Braham put this question, when a little Jew stood up in an excited manner in the midst of a densely crowded pit, and exclaimed, "I knowed yer father well. His name was 'Abey Punch!'"

* * *

THE Weber Centenary celebrations in Germany took the form of a National Festival. Gala performances were given in every town that boasts an Opera-house. "Preciosa" was performed at the Imperial Opera in Berlin, and "Der Freischütz" at the Schauspielhaus. It was at the Schauspielhaus that "Der Freischütz" was first produced. In the sixty-five years which have since elapsed the opera has been given in Berlin five hundred times.

* * *

IN London we did our best to celebrate the event in our humble way by special performances at the Crystal Palace and the Albert Hall.

* * *

THE memoirs of Count Beust have just been published. Count Beust was Prime Minister in Saxony in 1849, at the time when Wagner, then leader of the Court Band, joined the mob which fought for four days at the barricades in Dresden.

* * *

WHEN Wagner ultimately obtained his pardon, he called on Count Beust to thank him. "That was an unlucky mistake in 1849!" said Wagner. "A mistake!" ejaculated Beust. "Are you not aware that among the documents of those days there is a leaf covered with your writing, in which you boast of having played the incendiary's part in the Prince's Palace. I wonder," Beust adds, "whether, while he was laying the fire, he sang, 'Fresh, fire, flame; frolicsome and fearful!'"

* * *

ORGAN RECITAL AT ELLAND.—On January 10, Mr. A. N. Shaw, of the Wilberforce School for the Blind, York, gave an organ recital in the Wesleyan Chapel, Elland, before a numerous audience. Mr. Shaw's programme included selections from ancient and modern masters, and his rendering of them was much appreciated. The instrumental was interspersed with vocal music by Miss M. A. Schofield, of York, who sang "Let the bright seraphim" (Handel), "There is a green hill" (Gounod), "Angels ever bright and fair," and "The Lost Chord." Mr. Shaw, who is a native of Elland, is a musician of considerable promise.

* * *

IT is understood that some sort of Jubilee Concert on a grand scale will be given at the Albert Hall. The Sacred Harmonic Society will during the season perform Costa's "Eli" and Rossini's hybrid "operatorio" "Moses in Egypt." On February 1 Messrs. Novello's Choir will revive, for the first time these thirty-six years, Spohr's "Calvary," a work which the large majority of the present generation have probably never heard, although it is thoroughly characteristic of this once popular composer. On March 1 will be given Mr. Cowen's "Sleeping Beauty" for the first time under really adequate conditions in London proper; and for March 30, Gounod's "Mors et Vita" is announced. On February 12 Dr. Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid" and Dr. Stanford's "Revenge" will be given for the first time at the Crystal Palace. In the same building in June there will be a grand Jubilee celebration, under Handel Festival conditions, and a new "Ode," written by Mr. J. Bennett and composed by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie specially for the occasion, will be produced. In the course of the spring the Bach Choir, under Dr. Stanford, will give two concerts, and will promise *inter alia* the first act and other portions of Schumann's entirely unfamiliar "Genoveva" and Berioz's "Te Deum." Two concerts will also be given by the London Musical Society.

* * *

THE orchestral concerts at the Crystal Palace will be resumed, under Mr. Manns, on February 19. Before the series comes to an end Mr. Prout's new symphony in E (written for a small orchestra, and produced at Oxford last year), a "Serenade" by Mr. George J. Bennett, and Mr. Gadsby's "Forest of Arden" will be performed, and Mme. Falk-Mehlig, MM. Joachim, Bercewitz and Barth will play. Sir Arthur Sullivan will again conduct

the Philharmonic Society's concerts, which will extend from early March till June. The splendid orchestra of English players will again be engaged, and among the novelties to be promised are a concerto for pedalier-piano by M. Gounod, orchestral works by Messrs. Massenet, Corder, and Stanford, and a vocal scena by Mr. Randegger. There is also some expectation, which it is hoped will be fulfilled, that Sir Arthur Sullivan himself will contribute some new orchestral, though necessarily brief, composition. The Richter concerts will begin on April 25, and will last till the end of June. They will this year be under the business management of Messrs. Chappell and Co., and it is believed and hoped that the band will be weeded and strengthened. Seftor Sarasate proposes to give a series of concerts for violin and orchestra; and some half-dozen amateur bands, such as the Royal Amateur, the Strolling Player, the Stock Exchange, Lady Folkestone's Stringed Orchestra, and others, will announce performances. Rumours that Dr. von Bülow will bring a special orchestra from Germany to play Beethoven's symphonies from memory, are at present too shadowy to warrant serious consideration.

* * *

SUCH are the leading fixtures of the forthcoming season. If all go well, the "Jubilee" musical year promises to be one of exceptional brilliancy.

* * *

On Shrove Tuesday, February 22, the annual banquet for the benefit of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund will be given at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Wyndham.

* * *

SCHUMANN'S "MINNESPIEL."—At the fourth and final concert of the series of Mr. William Nicholl's "Vocal Recitals" Schumann's "Minnespiel" was performed, it is said, for the first time in London. It is quite possible that the claim of comparative novelty, so far as the public are concerned, may be well founded, although the "Minnespiel" is certainly not altogether unfamiliar in drawing-rooms, and the "song-wreath" is probably more or less well known to ardent Schumann lovers. It was unfortunate that no description of the work was vouchsafed to a somewhat miscellaneous audience, who, not aware of the circumstances under which it was written, might justifiably have formed a wrong impression of the composer's talent. The "Minnespiel," which was set to lines from Ruckert's "Liebesfrühling," is dated June 1st to 5th, 1849. Dresden was then in a political uproar. The Court of Saxony had deserted their posts, and the troops of the King of Prussia had arrived to overawe the insurgents. Richard Wagner, it is said, had unfurled the red flag, and had fought at the barricades. A warrant of arrest as a "politically dangerous individual" was out against the composer "of the future," who was escorted by Liszt to Eisenach on his way to Paris, and subsequently to Zürich. Amidst all this turmoil, Schumann, who took no part in politics, escaped to the little village of Kreischa, about five miles distant. This period of Schumann's life was one of great productivity, although the shadow of death and the premonitory symptom of brain-troubles were then upon him, and some of the music he then wrote was very unequal in merit. The "Minnespiel" is one of these. It seems to be weakest in the solos, and at its best in those portions where the composer put forth his strength, such, for example, as in the two quartets, and in the duet for soprano and tenor, which forms the seventh of the eight numbers. The duet suffered somewhat from the anxiety of the soprano-soloist, who did her very best to drown the voice of Mr. Nicholl, the tenor. Sopranos nowadays, from the greatest of them downwards, are sadly prone to offend in this particular. The doctrine of old, *ars est celare artem*, which Titiens and Trebelli observed to perfection in the great duets in "Semiramide," and every soprano in these days should wear as frontlets between her eyes appears to have well nigh lost its force. The more's the pity. It is assuredly not the business of the soprano to shout down the tenor, nor does the argument quite hold good that, because the soprano of all the vocal quartet presumably draws the highest salary, she owes it as a duty to the public to make the greatest noise. Truer artists in this respect were Mme. Isabell Fassett and Mr. Bridson, who, with Mr. Nicholl, made up the party of soloists; Miss Mary Carmichael (who was responsible for the English words, printed for the better enlightenment of an audience possibly innocent of German) admirably playing the pianoforte part.

Foreign Notes.

THIRTY-NINE operas were produced during 1886 in Italy. Of these not one can be said to have attained any lasting season.

A NEW symphony in E, written four years ago by Mr. Max Bruch, was given at the third Philharmonic concert, Berlin.

GOUNOD's opera "Polyeucte" will shortly be produced in Italian at the San Carlo Theatre at Naples, under the composer's personal direction.

A NEW opera on the subject of Shakespeare's "Tempest" will shortly be produced at Hanover. The composer is Herr Ernst Frank, who, it will be remembered, completed the score of Goetz's "Francesca di Rimini."

THE rehearsals of "Lohengrin" at the Eden Theatre in Paris, under the direction of M. Lamoureux, have commenced. The work will be produced early in April.

AT Magdeburg a new opera, entitled "Manon," by Herr Richard Kleinmichel, is to be shortly produced.

A CONCERT performance of "Parsifal" is to be given at the Vienna Opera-house during Holy Week.

MME. NILSSON sang in Paris on Thursday, January 13, for a charity, in a concert where only Swedish music was performed.

THE Municipal Council of Nuremberg have commenced to set apart a special fund with the view of establishing a permanent orchestra for the town.

THE German Society of Actors appears to be in a flourishing condition. It has 3000 members, and an income of £15,000 a year.

TAGLIONI's ballet, "Sardanapalus," has been revived with great success in Munich.

THE well-known pianist, Fraulein Mary Krebs, is, we understand, about to be married to Herr Brünning, a famous riding-master of Dresden.

THE death is announced in Italy, at the age of twenty-four, of Miss Millicent Stanley Grove, only surviving daughter of Sir George Grove.

ON St. Stephen's Day (26th December), an important day in the theatrical year, no fewer than sixty theatres were opened with opera in Italy. "Mignon" and "Carmen," which were performed in several theatres, would seem to be the most popular.

THE following is a list of the serious operas produced in Germany in 1886:—"Loreley," by Adolf Mohr, (Dusseldorf, January); "Andreas Hofer," by Emil Kaiser (Reichenberg, February); "Urvosi," by Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl (Dresden, February); "Fata Morgana," by Joseph Hellmesberger, junior (Vienna, March); "Junkel Heinz," by B. von Perfall (Munich, April); "Loreley," by Otto Fiebach (Dantzig, April); "Dornroschen," by Ferd. Langer (Hamburg, March); "Hirlanda," by Wilhelm Bruch (Mayence, March); "Das Sonntagskind," by Albert Dietrich (Bremen, March); "The Violin-maker of Cremona," by H. Trnecek (Schwerin, April); "Malanika," by Felix Weingaertner (Munich, June); "Ramiro," by Eugen Lindner (Weimar, September); "Marfa," by Johannes Hager (Vienna, October); "Otto der Schütz," by Victor Nessler (Leipzig, November); "Donna Diana," by H. Hörmann (Berlin, November); "The Alchemist of Strasburg," by Herr Mühlendorf (Hamburg, November); "The Marriage of the Monks," by Herr Klughardt (Dessau, November); "Jean Cavalini," by A. Langert (Nuremberg, October); "Myrrha," by Ladislaus Zavertal (Prague, November); "König Drosselbart," by Dr. Felix (Altenburg, November); "Merlin," by G. Goldmark (Vienna, November).

THE Conservatoire of Brussels is at loggerheads with the Ministry of Fine Arts about the pensioning of a professor.

THERE is to be a grand International Conference of literature, science, and art in Brussels in 1888. The committees of the different sections have recently been appointed. The President of the musical section is M. Gevaert, the Director of the Conservatoire; M. Van Elewych and M. Radoux are Vice-Presidents; and the Secretary is M. Mahillon, Keeper of the Brussels Instrumental Museum.

"PATRIE" is a decided success at the Opera in Paris, and has established its position as a stock-piece.

THE Czar has given £50 in aid of the scheme for the erection of a monument to Weber at his native village, Eutin. This help will be much appreciated, as the scheme has hung fire terribly.

THE "Barber of Bagdad," by Peter Cornelius, has been revived at Hamburg. It was the annoyance caused by the unfriendly reception of this opera, in 1859, that made Liszt throw up his appointment as Director of the Opera at Weimar.

VON BÜLOW was fifty-eight on the 8th of January. He received a glowing address of congratulation from the combined bands of the theatres in Hamburg.

HE has been conducting in Hamburg, and it is rumoured that he is about to take up a permanent position in that town as musical conductor, under the well-known manager, Pollini.

M. TSCHAÏKOWSKY has composed a new opera, "The Caprice of Oksane," to be produced at the Imperial Theatre, in Moscow, at the end of January.

RETURNS have been published of the number of pupils attending the different classes of the Conservatoire in Madrid. The ladies decidedly predominate. They have not tried the double bass, the horn, or the bassoon, but they have monopolized the harp, which has twenty-three students. In declamation and the study of language, as we might perhaps expect, they hold the field. 121 ladies learn singing, 22 gentlemen; 679 ladies and 138 gentlemen learn the piano. But the stronger sex has it in composition, the numbers being 26 to 5.

THE School is now running close after the Guildhall School of Music in point of numbers. At the last count up it had a total of 2095 pupils.

FRANÇOIS PLANTÉ, the young French pianist, is making a triumphal tour through Germany. At Dresden and Cologne he has received splendid ovations. The press is unanimous and enthusiastic.

MEYERBEER's opera, "Struensee," is to be revived at the Odéon Theatre in Paris.

A NEW opera, "Déjanica," by Alfred Catalani, has been produced in Prague. Catalani is regarded as one of the chief exponents of the Neo-Italian school, dating from the production of Verdi's "Aida."

HERR KHYM has just given his 200th Organ Recital in the Petrikirche in Berlin.

ALL Berlin is talking of Josef Hofmann, the boy pianist, nine years of age, who has created a sensation at a concert in the Singakademie.

THREE THOUSAND FRANCS is a very substantial prize for the Symphony Competition instituted by the Society of French Composers. The jury, over which M. Camille Saint-Saëns presided, have awarded the prize to M. Paul Lacombe, of Carcassonne.

THE executors of Berlioz wish to found a Scholarship, to be associated with his name. With this object, they are promoting a drawing, the first prize of which is a picture of Berlioz and Paganini, by Yvon.

MORE statistics from America! There are 3249 theatres and concert-halls in the United States and Canada. There are 4000 or 5000 travelling and only too permanent companies. Only forty of these companies are operatic. One year's receipts, 48,000,000 dollars!

THE Swedish tenor, Björksten, sang along with Nilsson at M. Comettant's concert of Scandinavian music at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, on the 13th Jan. Besides Grieg and Svendsen, there were represented in the programme, Wennerberg, Andersen, Bucker-Gröndahl, Nordvaak, Berg, and Sjögren.

MAS-ENET, the composer of "Le Roi de Lahore," is engaged on a new opera, entitled "Werther."

THERE has been a turn-up among the conductors of the Opera in Berlin. Felix Mottl, of Carlsruhe, known as the conductor of the Festival Performances of "Tristan," at Bayreuth, last autumn, will be the conductor-in-chief. He will conduct works of the modern school, and classical operas will be entrusted to Ludwig Depp, known as the conductor of the Silesian Festivals. The services of Herr Kahl will be retained. Herr Radecke will be pensioned.

COUNT HOCHBERG, the new Director, has not forgotten his old friends in Silesia. He will preside at the Silesian Festival which is to be held at Breslau, from the 2nd to the 4th of June.

COUNT HOCHBERG finds that the parts in the orchestra at Berlin are not properly balanced. It is proposed to increase the number of the strings, but it appears there is hardly enough room.

THE Parisians are listening to Wagner at M. Lamoureux's Sunday Concerts in the Eden Theatre. This is always something, but, say the critics, the audience have never yet got beyond the stage of patient resignation.

A CONCERT devoted entirely to Russian music has been given in Brussels. Works of Cui, Borodine, Glazounow, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, were executed.

THE house in which Wagner lived at Zurich has been nearly destroyed by fire.

A CONCERT has been given at Zurich in memory of Goetz, who died in 1876, at the age of thirty-five, at Hottigen near that town. The programme was composed entirely of Goetz's works. It comprised a concerto, a symphony, songs, a scene from an unpublished opera "Francesca da Rimini," and "Nänie," a setting of Schiller's poem for a chorus with orchestral accompaniment.

GOUNOD is said to have changed his mind about Scribe's "Bataille des Dames," which M. Jules Barbier, the librettist of "Faust," has adapted for him.

MAURICE DEVRIES and Mme. Fidès Devries, whom we admired so much during the short season of French Opera at Her Majesty's in November and December last, have been singing with magnificent success in "Aida" and "Hamlet," at Monte Carlo.

THE Society of the Friends of Music in Vienna propose to erect a monument to Beethoven in the Central Cemetery. They have commenced by asking the Municipal Council for a contribution of 4300 florins—a very good beginning, if they get it!

IT is curious that the old dance, known as the "Pavane," should have been revived in both of the operas recently brought out in Paris, "Egmont" and "Patrie."

It is regarded as a great event that the new German theatre in Prague has adopted the dividing curtain. How is it that this improvement spreads so slowly?

* * *

THE rumour that "Parsifal" is to be performed at Munich is contradicted. Apparently it will still be reserved for Bayreuth, where it forms the leading attraction.

* * *

RUBINSTEIN has been elected a member of the musical division of the Royal Academy of Science at Brussels in the room of Liszt.

* * *

A PUPIL of Liszt, Della Sudda Bey, has settled down as a teacher of the pianoforte in Constantinople.

* * *

A BEETHOVEN museum is in course of formation in Vienna. It will be opened on the 26th of March next, the sixtieth anniversary of the composer's death.

* * *

"JUNKER HEINZ," the new opera by Count von Perfall, is said to have been highly successful at Cologne.

* * *

M. JULES BARBIER has nearly completed two new opera libretti—"Circé," for M. Ambroise Thomas, and "La Bataille des Dames," for M. Gounod.

* * *

THERE are to be four masked balls at the Paris Opera this winter; the first was the 29th ult., and the last will be March 17 (Mi-Carême).

* * *

THE Opera-house at Washington has been burnt down.

* * *

THE German Opera Company have been enthusiastically received in New York. The New Yorkers appear to have been most impressed with "Tristan," which was given on the 27th December, with the following powerful cast: — Tristan, Niemann; Isolde, Lilli Lehmann; Brangäne, Brandt; Kurvenal, Robinson; Maka, Fischer.

* * *

A ROME correspondent telegraphs:—"It has been voted in the Chambers that the remains of Rossini, who died in Paris on the 17th of November, 1868, are to be brought from the Cemetery of Père Lachaise to Florence, and deposited in the historical church of Santa Croce, where the remains of Macchiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Alfieri are buried. This has been done in accordance with a clause in the will of Rossini's widow, Madame Olympia Pelissier, a French lady, who acceded to the wish expressed by the Municipality of Florence at the time of the death of the great composer."

* * *

PRINCESS CAROLINE WITTGENSTEIN, who was the composer's confidante, desires it to be known that nearly thirty years ago Liszt first expressed the wish to be buried in a Franciscan monastery, and in a Franciscan monk's robe, at five o'clock in the morning, and without pomp. This wish he repeated several times during his last years. The Princess states that Liszt's days were undoubtedly shortened by the fact that he took insufficient nourishment in order that he might give away his money to the poor.

* * *

A NEW OPERA.—On January 5 the Royal Opera-house at Pesth produced a new work by a native composer, Franz Sarosi, of which the local critics speak well. It is entitled "The Last of the Abencerrages," the subject being taken from Châteaubriand, and is a grand opera in four acts. The music is described as rich in melody, and the composer, be it said to his credit, seems to have forgotten Wagner's very existence. Franz Sarosi is a young man yet, being but thirty years of age. He composed his first opera, called "Attila," some years ago. It was given at Pesth with success.

* * *

It is between this and Ash Wednesday that Vienna society enjoys itself. There are two balls at Court—one

where there is a terrible crush in uniform, and the other attended only by a select company in civilian dress—neither of them very exciting. There are half a dozen *soirées dansantes* at the Foreign Embassies and Legations. There is a maximum of three such *soirées* given by the Austrian nobility, who see very little foreign company; and, finally, there are half a dozen picnic balls to which the young people in society go solely and exclusively for the pleasure of dancing. They are organized by subscription. In bourgeois circles there is plenty of merriment and good cheer throughout the season. Nothing surprises the Viennese more than when foreign visitors hesitate to admit the charms of the Vienna Carnival. But then they are equally amazed if you tell them that the singing at the Court Opera is not first-rate, and that their cuisine is not only inferior, but unwholesome. They are an amiable, good-natured people, far above the average in knowledge and reason, but they are content with little, and allow themselves to be imposed upon rather than trouble about resisting the long list of abuses that foreigners complain of. Vienna is, however, in many respects a preferable residence for a foreigner to Berlin, St. Petersburg, or even Paris; and certainly in none of these three capitals is there anything approaching the civility and *bonhomie* of the Viennese. They are seen to advance during Carnival. By mingling with them during that festive season the foreign observer cannot fail to acquire the conviction that although Vienna is not by any means the centre of gaiety it is generally supposed to be, yet its population are the most friendly and fascinating people under the sun.

* * *

WITH Twelfth Day began the Vienna Carnival, which lasts till Ash Wednesday, so that this year we shall have seven weeks of it. The longer the Carnival season the better, for it is then that there is a little life in the Kaiserstadt. It is only during Carnival that people who consider ten o'clock rather too early to retire to rest can spend the evening at some place of public resort. We are very badly off in that respect in Vienna, and the Carnival masquerades, which generally last till the small hours of the morning, are quite a relief. But everything in this world is comparative, and it must not be imagined that the public balls and fêtes given here during the next seven weeks are particularly attractive. To enjoy them one must be conversant with the local customs and dialect, and even then they may appear a trifle dull. Strangers find them slow, and generally leave such entertainments somewhat disenchanted and bored. The Viennese thoroughly enjoy the Carnival. Wherever they can get a little music, a little dancing, and beer in unlimited quantity, they are perfectly happy. That is how they spend Carnival. Every non-political society and institution gives a ball. There are Hungarian, Polish, Czech, Servian, and Roumanian balls. There are the artists', merchants', and manufacturers' balls, the students' ball, the ballet dancers' ball—always well attended—the cabdrivers' and washerwomen's balls, and last, but not least, the losifers' ball, where you are only admitted dressed in rag. One dancing hall boasts of seven orchestras, a Turkish divan, a shooting-gallery, a skittle-ground, a merry-go-round, and various other resources of the kind. Another combines a café-concert with terpsichorean entertainments. Even in those places frequented by the lower classes, there is a certain amount of decorum, and anything in the shape of the *cancan* is strictly prohibited. They would perhaps be more amusing if it were not. There is an absence of *couleur locale* about the popular *rénunions* during Carnival that deprives them of all interest for those who go to look on.

* * *

WE have pleasure in giving publicity to Mr. Alphonse Cary's announcement that he has opened a warehouse for orchestral and drawing-room instruments in Wardour Street. Mr. Cary's business career has been characterized by intelligence, enterprise, and good workmanship. At his works at Newbury, in Berks, not a few improvements have been effected by him in the instruments he manufactures.

* * *

WE understand a Catalogue of his drawing-room and orchestral instruments is now in the press, and will shortly be issued. From the proof-sheets we have seen it promises to be the most exhaustive and complete list published. We recommend those of our readers who frequently write us for information respecting different instruments and their prices to get Mr. Cary's Catalogue.

Reviews of Music.

Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.

From this well-known firm of publishers we have received "Crossing the Brook," words by Ray Loring, music by Edith Cooke; a simple and pleasing little ballad. "If we could meet," words by Tom Ferguson, music by Cecile Hartog; beautiful and well-written, much above the average. "Can I forget," words by Walter Parke, adapted to Bucalossi's "celebrated Gitana waltz," a tune hardly worth the adaptation, which, however, is made with some skill. The "Old See-Saw," words by Catherine Armstrong, music by Annie Armstrong; a song of the simply sentimental style with a certain swing in it which may please some people. "While we dream," words by Elise Walton, music by R. B. Addison; pretty and plaintive. "Our Last Embrace," words by E. Oxford, music by Joseph Spawforth; a very lachrymose strain. "The Penang Centenary Waltz," by J. A. Hansen; a really pretty waltz.

The London Music Publishing Company.

"Concert Overture," by E. Kilvington Hatterley; a pianoforte arrangement of a work composed for the last Leeds, Festival, and already noticed in this MAGAZINE. "The Battenburg Waltz," by J. T. Musgrave; a fairly good specimen of its class, adorned by tasteful portraits of Princess Beatrice and her husband on the frontispiece. "A Summer Day Dream," by T. A. Mattby, in time, the effect of which is rather dreary and dreamy.

C. Jeffries.

Three Sonatas for the Pianoforte by Eugene Woyche: (1) Dramatique, (2) Romantique, (3) Poétique. These are really splendid compositions, such as none but the possessor of true musical genius could have written. They are, of course, not easy, and should not be attempted by any but accomplished players.

John Heywood, Manchester.

"Vainly the heart," by George Challis; a song with some sweetness of sentiment and tune in it, but with a principal phrase oddly reminiscent of Balf's "The heart bowed down." "I Watched the Sky," by the same writer, is not so good.

Frederick Pitman.

"Melodies of the Wood," by Jessie Morison; a very fair waltz. "Songs of England" (Quadrilles), "of Scotland" (Caledonians), "of Ireland" (Lancers); three pieces of dance music by Leonard Gautier, which will doubtless become popular at this time of the year. "Quite by Accident," words by Vincent Barwell, music by C. H. R. Marriott; a serio-comic song of love-making by accident, in which any young lady endowed with "archness" ought to make a success. "Dorothy," by the same composer as the last; Mr. Marriott believes, and perhaps wisely, in simple sentiment and tunes that readily catch the ear. "That's You," by Reginald F. y, a danceable polka.

DR. SPARK in his biographical sketch of Sigismund Thalberg, the celebrated pianist, says he became so intimate with John Parry that they nick-named each other Mary and Sarah. Thalberg used to relate how Sarah dreaded the sea, and that on a voyage from Liverpool to Dublin he occupied a berth over his fellow traveller. During the night the wind arose, and Mary in the upper berth was awakened by loud and painful vociferations below. Leaning over the side of the berth Thalberg discovered the cause of the noise. It was Sarah, who, kneeling on the floor of the cabin, was praying loudly and earnestly, and vowing never to trust to the ocean waves again! Afterwards, when he recovered from the horrid *mal de mer*, and was approaching land, "inimitable John"—alias Sarah—began in a parly jovial, partly ejaculatory manner to sing snatches of "Rule Britannia"—and Thalberg kept hearing something about "rules the waves—the wa—the waves!" When Sarah had quite recovered, and was close to the land, she began to look very proper, as if nothing had happened, and then quoted an appropriate verse in clear, mellifluous tones:—

"Methinks I see the shining beach;
The merry waves, each after each;
Rebounding o'er the flints;
I spy the grim preventive spy!
The jolly boatmen standing nigh;
The maids in morning chintz!"

The New Opera, "Rudolfoye."

THIE production of a new opera by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan is an important theatrical and musical event. Early in the afternoon of the 22nd ult., the pit door of the Savoy Theatre was besieged by a crowd of determined and adventurous spirits. Eating and drinking they passed the time until the bolt was drawn and their patience rewarded.

Within the theatre the scene was brilliant. Fashionable and artistic London had gathered, and the auditorium was filled with distinguished people. Lord Randolph and Lady Randolph occupied two stalls in the middle of the house, Sir Charles Russell also had a stall, and so, too, had Mr. George Lewis; Mr. Montagu Williams was conspicuous in a box. The Lord and Lady Mayoress were there, Lord Dunraven, Lord Onslow, Mr. Inderwick, Sir John Millais, the editor of the *Daily News*, the editor of the *Observer*, Mr. Burnand, Mr. G. M. Smalley, Mr. Whistler, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Forbes, Mr. Sambourne, Mr. Pinero, Dr. Hueffer, and a host of others.

Mr. Gilbert is a censor of morals and manners. It is known that he will strike hard at somebody in each new work, and on first nights at the Savoy everybody goes expectant of seeing his friend or neighbour castigated. Hence, for this and other reasons, the crowded, brilliant, and curious audience which awaited the rise of the curtain on "Ruddygore." The fundamental idea of the new play is extremely good. A baronet, whose ancestor has burnt a witch, and who, by the curse of that witch, is compelled to commit a crime once a day at the risk of torture and death, but who being in reality a very good man defeats the effect of his own compulsory wickedness, getting over his crime early in the morning, founding an orphanage when he has stolen a child, and devoting the proceeds of a bank robbery to the endowment of a bishopric, is in itself an extremely whimsical figure, capable of all manner of quaint and humorous distortions.

In treatment, "Ruddygore" is a burlesque of the old melodrama. The Cornish fishing village of Rederrin, a band of professional bridesmaids—constituted by a pious founder departed, and always on duty from ten to four—Rose Maybud, a village beauty, and Dame Hannah, protector of the orphan child who was left at the workhouse door with a change of babylinen and a book of etiquette—this is the scene and these are the characters with which acquaintance is first made.

All is idyllic, peaceful, and innocent. Then we hear, through *Hannah*, of a bad Baronet of *Ruddygore*, who inherits the curse pronounced on his ancestor from the stake by the witch who said:—

" Each lord of Ruddigore,
Despite his best endeavour,
Shall do one crime or more,
Once, every day, for ever!
This doom he can't defy
However he may try,
For should he stay
His hand, that day
In torture he shall die!"

But this is only the shadow that must necessarily accompany light. The question is: Will pretty Rose Maybud marry somebody, and save the professional bridesmaids from the Charity Commissioners by giving them a job? Well, Rose is quite ready to wed with a farmer of the neighbourhood, the present representative of the Murgatroyds, but who is living in hiding, under the name of Robin Oakapple (Mr. Grossmith), in Rederrin, whither he had fled to avoid the dreadful penalties of the witch's curse. Robin, however, is desperately shy. Knowing himself as the best of men, he is yet too diffident to try his luck with Rose, the sea-side beauty. Thus far runs the idyll; with darkness in the background to show up the bright points. But, presently, darkness comes to the front. Robin is betrayed to his younger brother, Sir Despard (Mr. Rutland Barrington), who has borne the weight of the witch's curse for many years, by his foster-brother Richard, who, returning home from sea, unhappily falls in love with Rose Maybud when he approaches her on shy Robin's behalf. Rose, delighted with prompt address, accepts him under the conditions imposed by her book of etiquette. The shadows deepen. Comes in, for example, Mad Margaret, a dis-

carded plaything of the spurious Bad Baronet, and still loving that victim of untoward circumstance. Next arrives Sir Despard himself, to learn from the heart-masted sailor that Robin is really his elder brother, an rightful inheritor of the title and the curse. This brings about a shuffling of the matrimonial cards. Rose, having already thrown off Richard, now rejects Robin, and offers herself to the virtuous younger brother, who, being a virtuous younger brother and not a Bad Baronet, prefers his victim, Mad Margaret. Rose thereupon places herself at Richard's side, and the quondam Robin Oakapple, now Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, grovels on the ground in the capacity abandoned by his relieved and delighted brother. In the second act we find Robin groaning under the weight of the family curse, having exchanged places with his brother. The horror at his own crimes, which Mr. Rutland Barrington as Sir Despard Murgatroyd has felt in the first act, Mr. Grossmith feels in the second, having been compelled to resume the loathed dignity which for twenty years he has escaped by his sudden disappearance and retirement to a fishing village in the disguise of Robin Oakapple, an honest farmer. The scene is laid in the picture gallery of the Murgatroyds, its walls hung with the portraits of bygone baronets. To them the unlucky baronet appeals:—

"For a week I have fulfilled my accursed doom! I have duly committed a crime a day! Not a great crime, I trust, but still in the eyes of one as strictly regulated as I used to be. But will my ancestors be satisfied with what I have done, or will they regard it as an unworthy subterfuge? (*Addressing pictures.*) Oh, my forefathers, wallowers in blood, there came at last a day when, sick of crime you, each and every, vowed to sin no more, and so, in agony, called welcome Death to free you from your cloying guiltiness. Let the sweet psalm of that repentant hour soften your long dead hearts, and tune your souls to mercy on your poor posterity!"

Then the stage darkens, the family portraits step down from their frames, soldiers and divines, and bid the Baronet of Ruddygore—

Down upon the oaken floor—
Down upon those knees of thine !
Coward, poltroon, shaker, squeamer,
Blockhead, sluggard, dullard, dreamer
Shirker, shuffler, crawler, creeper,
Sniffer, snuffer, wailer, weeper.
Earthworm, maggot, tadpole, weevil !
Set upon thy course of evil
Lest the King of Spectre-Land
Set on thee his grisly hand !

The ghost of Sir Roderic steps down to the strains of wild and solemn music, the stage is dark, and Sir Arthur's bâton is tipped with a ball of fire. Mr. Grossmith is then put through an examination as to the crimes he has committed. What crime did he commit on Monday? None. It was a Bank Holiday. On Tuesday? Made a false income-tax return. That's nothing at all; i's expected of you. Mr. Grossmith's crimes are unanimously voted ridiculously inadequate, and the animated family portraits take effectual measures with their weak descendant, overcome all his scruples, and start him afresh on a career of crime. But when the abduction of a lady only reverts in a personal conflict between the Bad Baronet and Dame Hannah, who has been dragged over a "difficult country," it seems clear that the man is unequal to his responsibilities. The family portraits of the Murgatroyds having stepped from their frames to torture their last descendant in default of his diurnal crime, are addressed by Mr. Grossmith in the following manner:—

"Robin.—'I can't stop to apologize: an idea has just occurred to me. A Baronet of Ruddigore can only die through refusing to commit his daily crime.' Sir Roderick Murgatroyd (22st Baronet).—'No doubt,' Rob.—'Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is tantamount to suicide!' Rod.—'It would seem so,' Rob.—'But suicide is of itself a crime: and so by your own showing, you ought none of you to have ever died at all.' Rod.—'I see—I understand. We are all practically alive?' Rob.—'Every man jack of you.'"

This involves a situation which no humour redeems from the charge of clumsiness and exaggeration. Eventually, by the usual Gilbertian process of reasoning, a way out of the difficulty is found; the ancestors marry the chorus of bridesmaids; the two brothers are also made happy, and so comes the finale. Comparing the opera with the long line of its predecessors, we arrive at two conclusions: First, that Mr. Gilbert, while amusing as usual, has not surpassed himself; next, that Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is, taken for all in all, the best he has yet contributed to the stage of comic opera. All Mr. Gilbert's characters, however, interest, if they do not all attract. The village belle with her etiquette book, her pretty Quaker-like talk, shrewd appreciation of worldly advantage, and firm belief in her personal attractions; the sailor who makes his desires a rule of life, and claims applause for obeying them; the shirking baronet and the poor victimised younger brother, steeped in infamy by force of circumstances, but having the heart of a little child—all these are legitimate members of the Gilbert family, with rela-

tions to each other, and to conditions at large, of a kind generically familiar, if specifically fresh.

The entire representation proved worthy the traditions of the Savoy, and gave very few signs of the unreadiness that frequently mars a first night. Scenery, dresses, and appointments generally—but especially a group of military uniforms and the attire of the ancestors—deserved unqualified praise. The stage, as a plain matter of fact, presented a series of perfect pictures, the village of Redlerrin, with its winding street and the view of the harbour, being particularly pretty. With Mr. George Grossmith as a capital Robin, Mr. Barrington as a Despard elaborated to the highest point of dramatic propriety, Mr. Temple as the ghost of Sir Roderick, Miss Jessie Bond as a Mad Margaret of an exceptionally picturesque and humorous power, and Miss Brandram as Dame Hannah, the chief parts were efficiently sustained. Miss Braham has the part of a village maiden, who flirts with Robin and his foster-brother, Dick Dauntless a man-o'-war's man. Mr. Lely throws an extraordinary amount of go into his part, which was one of the successes of the evening. His sailor lingo, his constant appeals to his heart when he is in a difficult situation ("It calls me 'Dick' 'cos it's known me from a babby"), his extremely clever hornpipe, which was uproariously redemanded, are all admirable.

In the first act, Miss Jessie Bond as Mad Margaret burlesques the orthodox stage madness with great cleverness. In the second act she is metamorphosed into a prim and sober district visitor, clad in sober black, with a poke bonnet, and hair banded over her forehead. She is now Despard's wife. The scene between the two is one of the funniest in the opera.

Next month we shall furnish our readers with examples of the graces of Sir Arthur Sullivan's melodiousness in "Ruddigore."

MUSIC AND HUMAN LIFE.—“This life and interest,” the Cardinal would say, “finds its best exponent in the old pantomime and burlesque music of Italy. The real, everyday, commonplace, human life, which originates absolutely among the people themselves, speaks in their own music and street airs; but when these are touched by a master’s hand it becomes revealed to us in its essence, refined and idealized, with all its human features, which, from their very familiarity, escape our recognition as we walk the streets. In the peculiarity of this music, its graceful delicacy and lively frolic and grotesqueness, I think I find the most perfect presentation, to the ear and heart, of human life, especially as the slightest variation of time or setting reveals in the most lively of these airs depths of pathos and melancholic sorrow, completing thus the analogy of life, beneath the gayest phases of which lie unnoticed the sadder realities.” “I have often felt,” said Inglesant, “that old dance music has an inexpressible pathos: as I listen to it I seem to be present at long-past festivities, whose very haunts are swept away and forgotten; at evenings in the distant

past, looked forward to as all important, upon whose short and fleeting hours the hopes and enjoyment of a lifetime were staked, now lost in an undistinguished oblivion and dust of death. The young and beautiful who danced to these quaint measures, in a year or two had passed away, and other forms equally graceful took their place. Fancies and figures that live in sound, and pass before the eyes only when evoked by such melodies, float down the shadowy way and pass into the future, where other gay and brilliant hours await the young, to be followed as heretofore by pale and disappointed hopes and sad realities, and the grave." "What do you mean," said the Cardinal, "by figures that live in sound?" "It seems to me," said Inglesant, "that the explanation of the power of music upon the mind is, that many things are elements which are not reckoned so, and that sound is one of them. As the air and fire are said to be peopled by fairy inhabitants, as the spiritual man lives in the element of faith, so I believe that there are creatures which live in sound. Every lovely fancy, every moment of delight, every thought and thrill of pleasure which music calls forth, or which, already existing, is beautiful and hallowed by music, does not die. Such as these become fairy existences, spiritual creatures, shadowy but real, and of an inexpressibly delicate grace and beauty, which live in melody, and float and throned before the sense whenever the harmony that gave and maintains their life exists again in sound. They are children of the earth, and yet above it; they recall the human needs and hopes from which they sprang. They have shadowy sex and rank, and diversity of bearing, as of the different actors' parts that fill the stage of life. Poverty and want are there, but, as in an allegory or morality, purified and released from suffering. The pleasures and delights of past ages thus live again in sound, the sorrows and disappointments of other days and of other men mingle with our own, and soften and subdue our hearts. Apollo and Orpheus tamed the savage beasts; music will soften our rugged nature, and kindle in us a love of our kind and a tolerance of the petty failings and the shortcomings of men." —JOHN INGLESLANT.



Pianoforte-Gymnastics.

By BERNHARD ALTHAUS, Professor of Music,
R.A.M. Berlin and Leipzig.

CHAPTER VI.

NERVOUSNESS: ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

NERVOUSNESS! what is it? Many will say: A feeling of weakness. I say it is the result of weakness.

Whence does this weakness arise?

1. From the consciousness of our own inability to perform the task which we, *nolens volens*, have undertaken.

This again, causes, firstly, a vague feeling of uneasiness, misgiving, anxiety, worry, and the fear of making mistakes, doing wrong things, and breaking down altogether.

The inability of playing before people need not be a want of real talent. It is caused by a kind of nervousness, often produced through quite trivial circumstances, which ought to have nothing to do with music, and of which it ought to be thoroughly independent—e.g., an ill-fitting garment, tight wrist-bands, sleeves, an uncomfortable seat (too high, too low, or even shaky), a crowd of people grouped round the piano and gaping at you while you are playing, &c. &c.

In such cases it is advisable to do away with tight sleeves, wrist-bands, &c., make yourself as comfortable as possible, drive away every one from the piano, and do not sit down to play before some little useful and quick drilling (as in Chapters I., II.), has been gone through.

Nervousness is cowardice.

If so, it becomes interesting and appropriate to inquire: What, then, is courage?

Courage is the consciousness of strength; a feeling of absolute certainty that you are fully able to perform the task set.

By strength I do not so much mean physical strength. That is, in the first instance, a gift of Nature.

Mere physical strength is not required in art, at least not in this branch of art. And the weakest persons can be trained to play with great, or sufficient force.

A good player's strength consists in the elasticity of the limbs and joints engaged in playing, in the strength of knowledge, understanding, taste, discrimination, in the husbanding of his resources, in knowing his means and their limits, in fact, in good management.

This artistic strength, this elasticity, this good management can and must be acquired by judicious training. The weakest can attain to it.

I propose first to lay a solid foundation for this strength by the prescribed practice of *Gymnastic Exercises* contained in the first chapters of this work.

If the student should have no time to practise: then *all* *every* he might at all events regularly attend to three important ones, which take only a few minutes to do—viz., the *pressing* of the tips of the fingers, the *stretching*, the *shaking* of hands and fingers as described. He ought at once to *repeat* these three exercises, when feeling cold, weak, nervous, tired, spiritless,

After every 16 bars,

After every double bar, or

After every page of music,

and put a note of reminder in such places. If weakness is caused by

2. Want of circulation. The circulation of blood will at once be restored by the above simple exercises.

Be patient and persevere with them! Do not practise in a cold room during the winter. It does very little good. If you are obliged to do so, you will want a great many more *gymnastics*.

Rub the nails of the fingers as well while pressing the tips. This exercise is doubly effective in its action.

Also rub the palms, the knuckles, and every single joint, till they are hot. After every exercise, even the smallest, shake your hands and fingers.

Also take a short, sharp walk, or, if not convenient, walk or run up and down stairs a few times.

Take regular out-door exercise, even in bad weather.

But weakness may also be caused

3. By accidental stiffness and *vice versa*.

Even players, whose wrists and fingers are naturally limber and loose, so that they would hardly seem to require any special exercises, do stiffen their fingers during playing. This may arise from "NERVOUSNESS" (although there are people whose hands even shake from very nervousness), or also from over-practising their pieces, or other improper and inartistic exertions, by which the nerves and muscles engaged in playing become suddenly weakened, benumbed, and, especially the tips of the fingers, often get painfully sore and entirely unfit for playing.

On the other hand, during study, the strain on the eyes and the brain especially, while reading difficult music, may affect the nerves and muscles of the arm, elbow, wrists, hands, fingers, particularly when the player is painfully absorbed in finding the notes and gets confused in dealing with rapid changes of key, through the motley group of accidental sharps and flats;

Such players sometimes lose every idea of key, and the music they are studying, and merely go on "putting down notes" and might besides—seeing yet not hearing them, and of course totally forgetting the necessities of the poor fingers.

Look at some of such players. The brow becomes contracted: the eyes seem to be screwed in; every limb or joint appears to become rigid. The stiffness travels from the head to the very tips of the fingers, frustrating all efforts, especially with slow readers and shortsighted players.

In such cases, particularly when reading difficult pieces, I advise that hands and joints should be regularly, say every four or eight bars even, either shaken or pressed, or be kept moving up and down somewhat in this manner:

—Raising the fingers on black (or high) notes and putting them down on white (or also low) notes.

Another good preventative manipulation consists in fluttering the first and second fingers of each hand (see chapters II., III.) till they attain a rate of speed like that of a whipping-top in full swing.

I also strongly recommend such players to hold their fingers all the time in an upright (perpendicular) position over the keys, also to touch the notes very lightly and only with the smallest part of the tips of the fingers.

It is likewise of great service to place a small, but rather stout, book under both arms while thus studying.

This will entirely prevent, at the time, the stiffening of the wrists, hands, and joints.

But nervous weakness may also be caused

4. By shortness of breath. Many healthy persons have that capital, natural habit of regularly breathing in and out. Others again do not know, or quite forget, that breath is life, and neglect the daily practice of this most necessary and beneficial exercise, and so suffer from shortness of breath and its dire consequences: bodily weakness, prostration, feelings of oppression, nervousness, and, lastly, diseases of the chest, throat, and lungs.

The fault lies chiefly with their parents, advisers, and teachers, who ought to know better. Often and often medical men have insisted upon the positive necessity of practising this most healthy and invigorating exercise of inhaling and exhaling air, which ought to form part of our daily life.

Outdoor Sports and Games, to a certain extent, certainly make up the deficiency, but as breathing in playgrounds or cricket-grounds is mostly done in a spasmodic, sudden and irregular manner, the breathing organs of all such who have not very strong constitution, rather suffer than profit by such violent exercises.

It will have been evident to all my readers that it is not to the strong and healthy I address myself, but rather to the weak and delicate, especially at the latter are often bullied, scoffed and mocked at by their stronger, but stupid, ignorant, and unfeeling companions, who, arrogant in the pride of their good health and strong muscles, and themselves sound in wind and limb, urge their weaker companions on to over-exertion, which is apt to end fatally.

To those, then, who are not sound in wind and limb, and who, from want of proper practice, suffer with shortness of breath, I suggest the following exercises for daily practice.

First Breathing Exercise.

(To be studied before practising on the piano.)

Position: Standing firm and upright, on both feet.

a. Take slowly a very long breath (or rather sniff) through the nose, then hold your breath from four to eight seconds, counting inwardly 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., and then as slowly expel the air with the lips, rounding the mouth in so doing as if you were going to whistle. Do this four times. Always take in as much air as ever the lungs will hold.

b. Take breath slowly as before, and hold it; then open the mouth; blow the air quickly and forcibly back with the lips, as you would blow out a burning candle. Four times!

c. Breathe quickly; then hold the breath as before, and expel it slowly and deliberately with the lips, so that you gain control over your breath.

d. Breathe (or sniff) quickly through the nose, hold the breath, and blow the air quickly out with the lips. This must be done with great force. You ought to make a great exertion, and breathe both in and out with all your might. Four times.

II. For all good things in music are not three, but four!

Second Breathing Exercise.

1. Walk slowly up a flight of stairs (about a dozen); stop on the landing to take a long sniff of air (always, when outdoors, breathing through the nose, and keeping the mouth shut). Then run quickly downstairs. Four times, with pauses, as required.

2. As soon as you feel stronger, take two steps at the time, always breathing in and out; stop half a minute on the landing, and run down. Twice at first, later on four times.

3. Take a long breath, run up stairs, stop to take breath again and walk down. Once, twice, or four times, according to your strength.

III. Another Breathing Exercise while practising.

Draw slowly a long breath with the nose, and blow it back through the mouth with rounded lips. Repeat this during practice I. whenever there is a pause in the music.

2. Also after every double bar.

3. Before the turning over of a leaf.

The feelings of oppression and sickness so constantly overcoming players will be immediately relieved, soon wear away altogether, and with it one source of nervousness.

Open the window frequently to let in fresh air.

For those who do not like the above exercises, I recommend the regular study of singing under a first-rate master like M. Garcia, Visetti, Tartaglione, Emil Behuke and others, who have made the arts of breathing and singing the study of their life.

I here mention a bad habit which is contracted by many players, and which also is one of the causes of nervousness and feelings of depression. This is

Sloping.

It causes stoppage of breathing, and injures chest and lungs. To prevent this bad habit, the music chair must be so arranged that you can fully face your music. It must not be too high, so as to cause

you to stoop, nor too low, so as to make you strain your eyes in the upper direction, and lose sight of the keys and fingers. Sit midway. Place pieces of music one after the other on the chair till you are perfectly comfortable. Do not use

Small editions of Classics,

which are only useful as books of reference, during concerts or otherwise, as they make you stoop too low and, from the smallness of their type, ruin your eyesight.

I mention here, that nearly all those pupils of mine whose parents, from a mistaken sense of saving, made them use the small and cheap editions, were obliged to wear expensive spectacles after a while.

I advise all students only to study from good editions, with large type. A model of excellence in large and liberal printing is Charles Hallé's "Pianoforte School," in which, besides, every note is fingered, and all doubtful movements, as shakes, turns, passagés, are fully explained. It, more than any other edition I have seen, saves the eyes. You can always purchase good spectacles, but never a good pair of eyes.

I have said before that nervousness is the consciousness of being unable to perform a certain task, and that courage is the consciousness of strength, and the conviction and knowledge that you can perform your task.

This strength must therefore be acquired, and I here propose some of the means by which this end may be attained. You must know your piece thoroughly well, note for note; render to yourself a full and conscientious account of every single item: Signature, correct time (to be fixed by the metronome), key, general style, fingering. All the fingering must be perfectly settled. Any uncertainty about this leads to stumbling.

(To be continued.)

Musical Notes and News.

ON Boxing Day Mr. Ambrose Austin gave a national holiday festival concert of a popular character, comprising performances of several eminent artists. This took place in the Royal Albert Hall, where New Year's Eve was celebrated by a Scotch festival, organised by Mr. W. Carter.

THE new year opened with two musical performances, an afternoon ballad concert at St. James's Hall, and a performance of "The Messiah" at the Royal Albert Hall by the great choral society associated with that building, and directed by Mr. Barnby, the principal solo vocalists in this instance having been Miss Robertson (Mrs. Stanley Stubbs), Mme. Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Henschel.

THE New Year's Eve ("Hogmanay") concert at the Royal Albert Hall was of a Scotch character, in celebration of a national festival day. The arrangements were somewhat interfered with by the adverse weather, which prevented the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves and other vocalists. Among the several specialities of the evening were well-known ballads effectively rendered by Miss Mary Davies and Mme. Antoinette Stirling, the good part-singing of Mr. William Carter's choir, and the performance of this gentleman's new jubilee ode, "Victoria," written for chorus and a solo voice, this last feature, intended for Mr. Sims Reeves, having been realised by Miss M. Davies at sudden notice. The ode is an effective composition, which will doubtless be heard again.

THE Second Ladies' concert of the current series of the Bohemian Musical Society was held in the Crystal Palace on the 13th ult. when the Rev. Henry White, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, presided.

Hexham Choral Society.

THIS Society gave its fourth concert in the Town Hall on Thursday, Dec. 16, 1886, before a large audience. The first part of the programme consisted of a performance of Gade's cantata, "The Erl-King's Daughter." The principals were Mme. Adeline Paget (soprano), Miss Lena Law (contralto), and Mr. Chas. Copland (baritone). The chorus numbered nearly two hundred voices. The second part of the programme was composed of a miscellaneous selection of songs and a trio by the vocalists, a variety of opera choruses by the Society, and a pianoforte solo by Mr. Seaton, the accompanist. The cantata was rendered in first-rate style, and both the soloists and chorus deserve credit for their admirable execution of the work. In the second part, Mme. Paget, Miss Law, and Mr. Copland quite charmed the audience by their singing, and were encored on each occasion. Mr. Seaton played the accompaniment to the cantata in his usual masterly manner. His pianoforte solo was executed with great brilliancy and finish, and he was awarded a hearty encore. Mr. James Kirkley, the hon. conductor, wielded the baton with his usual ability, all the soloists and chorus parts being well

Music in Dublin.

THE Christmas season, with the exception of Oratorio and Church music was, as usual, quite devoid of concerts. The annual performance of "The Messiah" by St. Patrick's Oratorio Society was in every way a complete success. The choir at every performance show a distinct advance. This season, we remarked particularly, a sort of instinctive "go," if we may call it so, in all the work, the various lights and shades being brought out spontaneously and without effort. Mr. Marchant's accompanying of this, his own choir, is in itself worth going to hear, supporting, as he does, their singing, and at the same time bringing out all the orchestral effects. Miss Du Bedat's highly trained and beautiful soprano voice was never heard to better advantage than in "Rejoice greatly," the rendering being all but faultless. Masters Thompson and Scott were both highly successful.

Mr. Charles Kelly was, as he always is in Handel's music excellent. In all his solos he was equally good, and every time we hear him we like him better. The Christmas Day services at both St. Patrick's and Christopher's Cathedrals were, as of old, a rare musical treat; the great organ of the cathedral shines forth in all his usual brilliancy and convincing us by his superb playing that there is only one Sir Robert Stuart.

The Christmas Eve service at St. Bartholomew's was attended by a vast congregation, who were rewarded by some lovely music, Mr. Barry playing most effectively. Dr. Gaten's choir at St. Stephen's showed forth his good training in all their work; this, we may add, is the best parochial choir within the limits of the city; we might say the only good one.

At Rathfarnham Church the music was of that high standard of excellence which drew forth from the pulpit the remark that it possesses without exception the "best choir" in the diocese of Dublin. At the Carol Service, Mr. Collinson's anthem, "The Nativity of Christ," was sung, the solos being very sweetly given by a lady amateur; a very lengthy selection of carols were also given without the least sign of dragging or fatigue on the part of the choir. On Christmas Day the church was inconveniently crowded by the large congregation that attended the service. The chanting of the Psalms was a lesson to hear; every word was sung as distinctly as if they were read, and yet the chanting was kept up briskly and with great fire by a very large choir. The familiar "Jackson in F" Te Deum was sung with so much colour that it sounded like a new composition. Dr. John Smith's Benediction was the only thing that was faulty in the entire service. To say that it was faulty would be a mild expression. Anything more truly terrible than the quartet singing in this composition we have never listened to; it gave us intense agony from beginning to end. The choruses in it were splendidly sung, but the verses were extremely bad. The usual Christmas selections from "The Messiah" were sung as the anthem, and we may add remarkably well: both choruses had grand tone and attack. The soprano solo was sung with great dramatic expression by a lady of the choir, who possesses a beautiful voice; and the bass solo was artistically rendered by Mr. T. Meyer. Gounod's "Nazareth" was given as the second anthem in very good style.

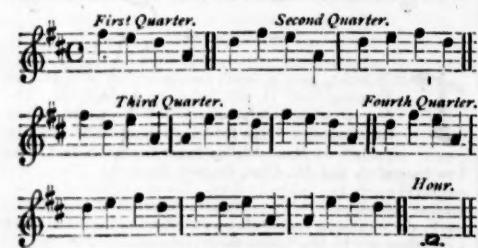
M. Jules Levy's concerts, it is much to be regretted, were not at all well attended. Those who did go were well rewarded by his beautiful cornet-playing, although it is an instrument that we detest.

Mme. Urso's violin performances were most artistic, and the other artists all gave good performances. Mrs. Lumsden's Benefit Concert was a complete success, the lovely vocalism of Mrs. Hutchinson drawing a large audience.—APOLLO.

* Published in the Christmas Number of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

The Chimes of St. Mary's, Cambridge.

THE melody of the beautiful chimes of St. Mary's, Cambridge, has been copied over and over again, and there are few towns in England in which it may not be heard sounding out from some church tower. It has an interesting history. A movement was taken—it is said by Crotch, then a mere lad—in the fifth bar of the opening symphony of the air in "Messiah," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and by a series of variations was expanded into the musical chimes of St. Mary's.



SWEETEST melodies are those that are by distance made more sweet.—WORDSWORTH.

MUSIC's golden tongue.—Krats.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?—Beattie.

SUCH sweet compulsion doth in music lie.—Milton.

Music in Belfast.

SINCE the "Messiah" concert given on December 23 by the Philharmonic Society we have had no other concerts of note here. Mme. Ponblanche, Miss Damian, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. Gilbert Campbell were the "Messiah" soloists, and performed their work in a very creditable manner. The chorus was larger than usual, and the choral parts were given with steadiness and feeling. The orchestra wanted a little more decision, and did not seem to enter into the spirit of the music till after the Pastoral Symphony. Herr Beyschag conducted, and Mr. Shillington presided at the organ.

The Philharmonic are now rehearsing Cowen's "Sleeping Beauty," and have announced their next concert for February 4.

Queen's College Musical Society had their first concert on Jan. 14, when Lloyd's cantata, "Herc and Leander," was performed. Miss Burne and Mr. Geo. Benson being the soloists. Lady Clarendon, Miss Milligan, and other well-known amateurs performed.

The Belfast Academy Choir announces a conversation, when Mr. Smythe, their talented conductor, will be presented with a gold-mounted ivory baton.—A. W. A.

Questions and Answers.

BIRDIE.—Musical talent may and may not imply pianistic talent; but, taken separately, the former is of a higher order than the latter.

A STUDENT.—Accents should be given only when and where required. To determine this, depends upon knowledge and mature judgment, and not upon individual fancy or emotional impulses.

ONE OF SEVEN.—It is a natural, though unwritten law, that the terminating note of a shivered group shall be shorter than the preceding one, or, at least, shall not surpass it in length.

CECILIA.—Inquire for the mandoline at a musical instrument seller's. You must obtain the permission of the author to use the words.

TREBLE.—We have no hesitation in urging you to accept the permission accorded to you by your parents.

L. W.—We will comment upon your "Barcarolle" next month. Your letter and hearty thanks give us great pleasure.

C. HILL.—If you are thoroughly qualified you might obtain introductions through some of the principal music sellers in your city; failing this, advertise in the principal local newspapers.

WULFRUM.—"Petits Chefs-d'Œuvre?" too easy pieces suitable for learners, price, 1s. 2d., are published by Enoch & Sons, 19 Holles Street, London. Your teacher, knowing your capabilities, would be able to advise you what further purchases to make.

OCAVIUS.—In the new volume the number of music pages will be increased, which will enable us to meet your wishes.

ONE WHO ADMIRERS THE "MAGAZINE OF MUSIC."—Thanks for the chant and hymn; although correct they do not show originality. The lines you sent us are part of an ancient hymn to the Apostle St. John.

VIC.—Count the passage, giving each note its proper value. The watercolour drawings do not require varnishing.

IN A FIX.—The shape of a piano should depend on the size of the room in which it is to be placed, and on the money you have to spend.

DEPUTY.—In accompanying on the organ it is absolutely necessary that full attention be given to the chanting of the words. You would find a knowledge of harmony assist you in playing from memory.

LEGI.—1. We cannot give you information desired about photograph. 2. It is impossible.

TECHNICON.—The technicon will strengthen your fingers more quickly than piano-playing. Thanks for your cordial appreciation of the Magazine.

DOUBTFUL.—We have seen violins such as you described marked 14. Of course they are not genuine "Stradivarius." If, however, you think the instrument you possess is genuine, send it to a violin maker, such as A. Cary, of Newbury, who will at once be able to inform you of its value.

N. C. PARRY (Constantinople).—You could order the dues through Messrs. Augener & Co., Newgate Street, London.

TYRO.—So we should imagine. There is not much merit in the composition. The harmonies are tolerably free from grammatical errors. The whole setting of the parts, however, could be much improved. Try again.

LUCY M (Newport).—Declined with thanks.

MISS KÖHLE.—We have no rules for transmission of MSS. Send it on; if worthy we will notice it, and stamps sent will ensure the return of the composition if rejected.

H. R. SOCAR.—The player must have considerable facility at reading at sight, directing chief attention to treble and bass notes, particularly as regards intervals by leaps; hence the necessity of a thorough knowledge of intervals and scales, also command of the common harmonies of each key. It is of little practical help to try and read the piece to be transposed by imagining it to be written in tenor or alto clefs. The most essential is to be able to glance at a few bars in advance and imagine the effect intended, and then produce it in the new key.

CHORISTER.—You are not too old to begin. It would be advisable, however, for you to obtain the opinion of a competent judge respecting the quality and power of your organ, and your consequent chance of success as a public singer. This will guide you upon the question of expenditure in training.

H. W. W.—1. Improve the circulation of your blood. There is a little pamphlet on this subject published by L. N. Fowler, Ludgate Circus, E.C. 2. Your fellow sufferers are numerous, therefore you may console yourself. We do not, however, know any "celebrated" pianist who has suffered from chilblains, in the biographies of past masters of the art the chroniclers are silent on this point. 3. We are inclined to agree with you: Dr. Carl Reinecke is both artist and musician. Wagner, if he had not chosen to cultivate music, would have been a great artist. The sister arts—painting, poetry, and music—alike had their influence on his work, hence the completeness of his "Music Drama." Perhaps your friends know some exceptions to this general rule, though it is hard to imagine any one "truly great" in one of the arts without appreciation of others.

SHAKESPEARE.—You omit to comply with the rule that addresses should be sent with all communications.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will in future be published on the 15th of every month. Subscription price 7s. 6d. per annum, post free, payable in advance.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor: MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 23 Paternoster Row. Contributions and letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the Editor. It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistakes. MS. cannot be returned unless stamps are sent for that purpose, and no responsibility for safe return can be accepted. We cannot undertake to return any MS., music, or drawing sent in for prize competition, therefore a copy should be retained by the sender.



MAGAZINE OF MUSIC SUPPLEMENT.
FEBRUARY 1887.



PASSION OF THE PAST.

EBENEZER BLACK.

Moderato.

Music by MARIE WURM, Op. 23.
Mendelssohn Scholar.

VIOLIN. *p* Octave higher if with Tenor Voice.

VOICE. *p* *Con Sordini*

PIANO. *p* (Small notes to be played only if there is no Violin to accompany.)

23

dream that a - gain in weird ecs - ta - sy I shall roam where the wild winds

go By moun - tain and moor - land, and haun - ted tree, Till the

stars of the twilight glow. And I dream that my love will come

And I dream that my love will come

278

1

And I dream that my love will come

Octave higher

1

1

10

1

if with Tenor Voice.

o - ver the lea from her grave where the vio - lets grow. I

cresc.

cresc.

dream that my love will come o - ver the lea from her grave where the vio - lets

cresc.

grow. To lull me to rest with the me - lo - dy she

mf

mf

Lento.

Più

sang to me long a - go. To lull me to rest with the me-lo-dy she

lento *tr*

lento *p*

sang to me long a - go. Sang Sang - long a -

pp

go.

pp

Dedicated to Mrs. Millar, Rossie Castle.

ANDANTE FOR HARMONIUM.

Composed by
WALTER MITCHELL, F. C. O.

mf

dim. e rit.

tempo

p

rit.

mf

dim. e rit.

tempo

p

p

cresc.

ff

dim.

p

rit.